GEM

49091
JULY 1974
$1.25

How To Score Your Orgasm Quotient
But Make Sure You Score
TESTING YOUR OQ

A Stiff Investigation
Brings Stiff Results
THE EREKTOBLISS HEARINGS

One Of Our Most
High Spirited Interviews
FLOWING WINES AND PASSIONS

Quickies From The
Adult World Of Entertainment
GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

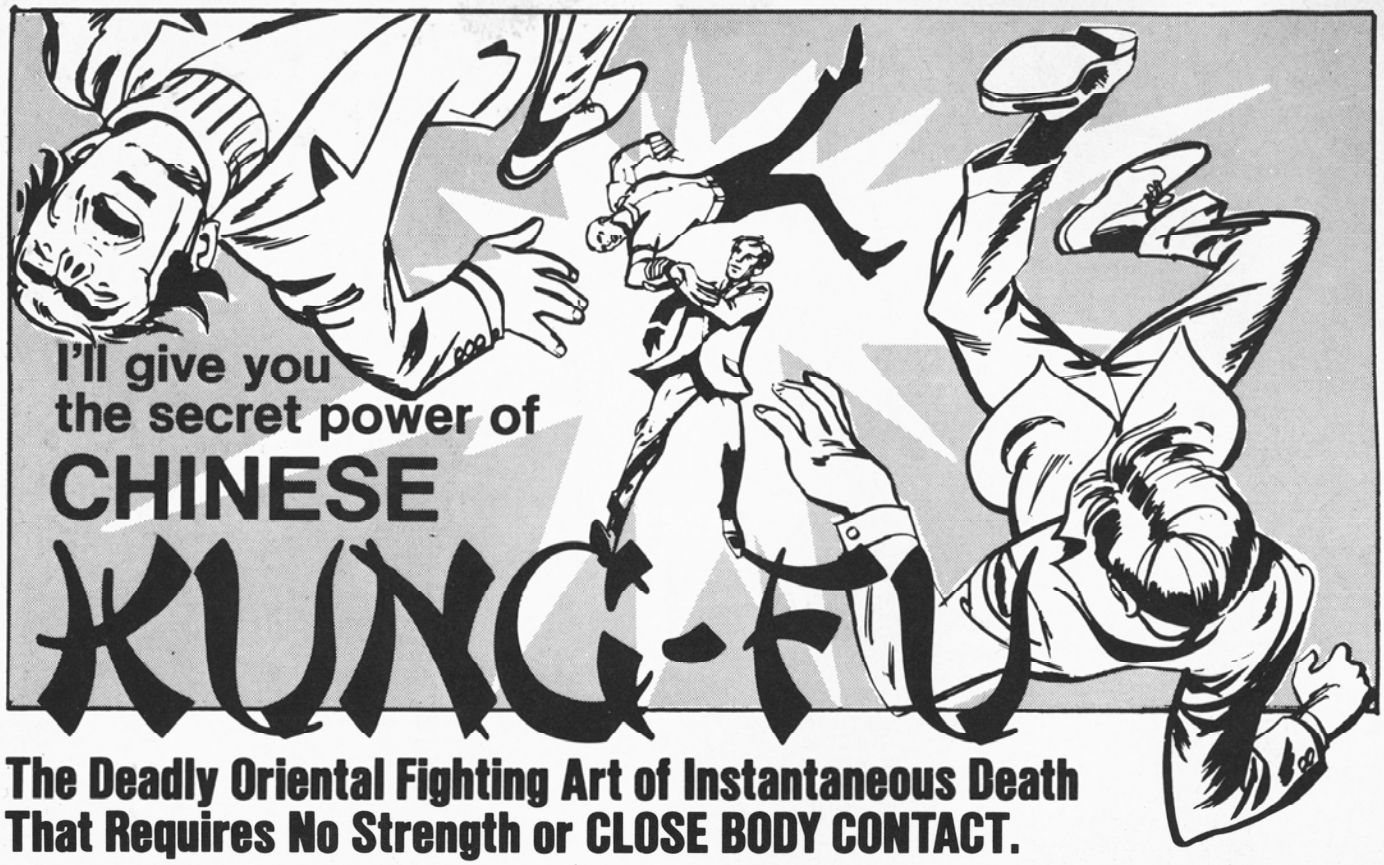
INTRODUCING
A SEXCITING
BIG UP FRONT
NEWCOMER
DELECTABLE
D-CUP DULCY

PLUS OTHER SUPER

BUF

BARE-ALL BABES

Saucy And Titillating Tidbits
SMORGARSBORD SEXUALIS



The Deadly Oriental Fighting Art of Instantaneous Death That Requires No Strength or CLOSE BODY CONTACT.

★ **Self-defense without torturous training or rigorous exercise.**

★ **Instant self-defense for the weak, the defenseless, the fearful and the untrained.**

★ **Makes your body a live fighting machine! Hands, feet, elbows even fingers become deadly weapons of defense.**

★ **Faster, deadlier and easier than Judo, Savate or Karate.**

Revealed at last! The most secret, the most respected, the most effective of all the Oriental fighting arts—KUNG FU. ***So simple that if you can read then you can easily master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique.*** **KUNG FU works on a secret principle yet its deadly force is easy to learn and easier still to apply. KUNG FU can take any one * without training and make him a fighting machine in seconds.**

THE SECRET OF KUNG FU REVEALED AT LAST

KUNG FU is a fantastic method of self-defense that was buried in the mysteries of the past. Once a part of a mystic Oriental rite, its deadly fighting secrets were only taught by Shaolin Priests to those considered worthy only after years of preparation and testing. KUNG FU was hidden from the public! Yet in spite of serious efforts to keep it from the world, word of its amazing power spread. Masters of other fighting arts soon learned to fear and respect its techniques. *They learned that KUNG FU harnesses certain dormant forces within you, enabling you to disable and destroy with just a lightning flick-of-the-wrist, and that KUNG FU requires no strength or extraordinary skills, in fact KUNG FU's brilliant defense never requires strength, size or undo exertion.*

HOW KUNG FU WORKS

KUNG FU is based on a simple yet lethally effective principle. *It is not necessary to physically match strength with your opponent in order to overcome his attack.* You harness the enormous natural power of your own movements. KUNG FU shows you how to take advantage of these fundamental laws of natural movement. Your rhythm is added to the very movement against you... so that **all forces are added together and unleased against your opponent.** This is KUNG FU—a force so simple yet so devastating that its techniques have stunned the world.

KUNG FU IS BETTER THAN OTHER FORMS OF SELF DEFENSE

KUNG FU is better than all other forms of self defense! Its secret lies in its simplicity and in its ability to overcome an attacker WITHOUT INTRICATE BODY CONTACT. Now, if you can read or look at pictures then you should be able to master the theory of this "flick-of-the-wrist" technique. YOU CAN WIN...EVEN IF YOUR OPPONENT IS BIGGER AND STRONGER THAN YOU. You can win if your attacker surprises you. And more—KUNG FU **means** deadly, often crippling self defense where **every part of your body is a fearful weapon.** Your feet, your hands, your elbows, your fingers become lethal weapons WITHOUT REQUIRING SUPER MUSCLE-POWER OR BRUTE FORCE. And you can do all this without years of training, special exercises, and especially hundreds of dollars in cost.

WHAT KUNG FU WILL MEAN TO YOU

With so many crimes of violence about us you could be in danger—anytime—of being hurt or worse humiliated! BUT NOW YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. **You can protect yourself, your family and your property with deadly efficiency in mere seconds.** Yes, and you can do it without years of training, hundreds of dollars in cost, and without long, painful practice. Regardless of size, strength or build you can beat the bullies and better the odds. Thanks to KUNG FU you need never be afraid again. You too can learn to overcome the fear of being shamed. You too can be the one that gives the beating! You too can control threatening, dangerous situations.

WHY KUNG FU MAKES ALL THIS POSSIBLE

Why??? **Because KUNG FU is as deadly as it is simple.** And it works for anyone.* Other forms of self defense like Judo or Karate require something special such as strength, speed, etc.... to say nothing of endless practice. A judo Black Belt Master, for example, must practice technique after technique...and take years to master it all. NOT SO WITH KUNG FU! **It's based on an entirely different concept.** Technique and form aren't very important, DEFENSE IS! KUNG FU is designed to help you defend yourself in most situations* with *an absolute minimum in effort and a maximum in protection.*

COMPLETE COURSE REVEALED NOTHING ELSE TO LEARN

The SECRETS OF KUNG FU are fully revealed in one amazing "how to" book. The course comes complete and there's nothing else to learn or buy. You find all the secrets, principles and techniques simple to master and easy to apply. You don't need any special apparatus or practice dummies. And once you master the SECRETS OF KUNG FU you can forget about other systems and other methods. Now, in the privacy of your home, you can learn the deadliest fighting secrets of all time *at your very own pace!* In just minutes you can find out how to deliver a crippling blow that leaves your opponent powerless and more...in seconds you can learn how to destroy your attacker's ability to fight...and much, much more. The fully revealed SECRETS OF KUNG FU, are so sensational that we make you this surprising UNCONDITIONAL 3 WAY GUARANTEE. You must be satisfied not just one way but fully 3 different ways or it costs you nothing.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
3 WAYS OR MONEY BACK AT ANY TIME

We're so sure that SECRETS OF KUNG FU is everything you'll ever want or need we make this unprecedented 3-Way Guarantee: (1) You must be absolutely and completely satisfied with the SECRETS OF KUNG FU and (2) KUNG FU must never fail you, in fact, KUNG FU must help you turn every threatening "confrontation" into victory, and (3) KUNG FU must give you a sense of confidence and assurance you've never had before. Yes, SECRETS OF KUNG FU must do all this and more or return **at any time** for a refund of your purchase price with no questions asked. You are the sole judge...could anything be fairer?

NO RISK OFFER—
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED 3 WAYS

CAPITAL ENTERPRISES, Dept. L-GM7
227 East 45 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Rush me the complete course of SECRETS OF KUNG FU. You guarantee me complete satisfaction 3 Ways...or I'll return the course at any time I wish for a refund of my purchase price and there will be no questions asked. I promise in return to use the deadly knowledge of KUNG FU for defense only and that I will never use its secrets as an aggressor ever.

I enclose $5 in ☐Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Please add 50¢ additional to cover postage and handling) SORRY NO COD's

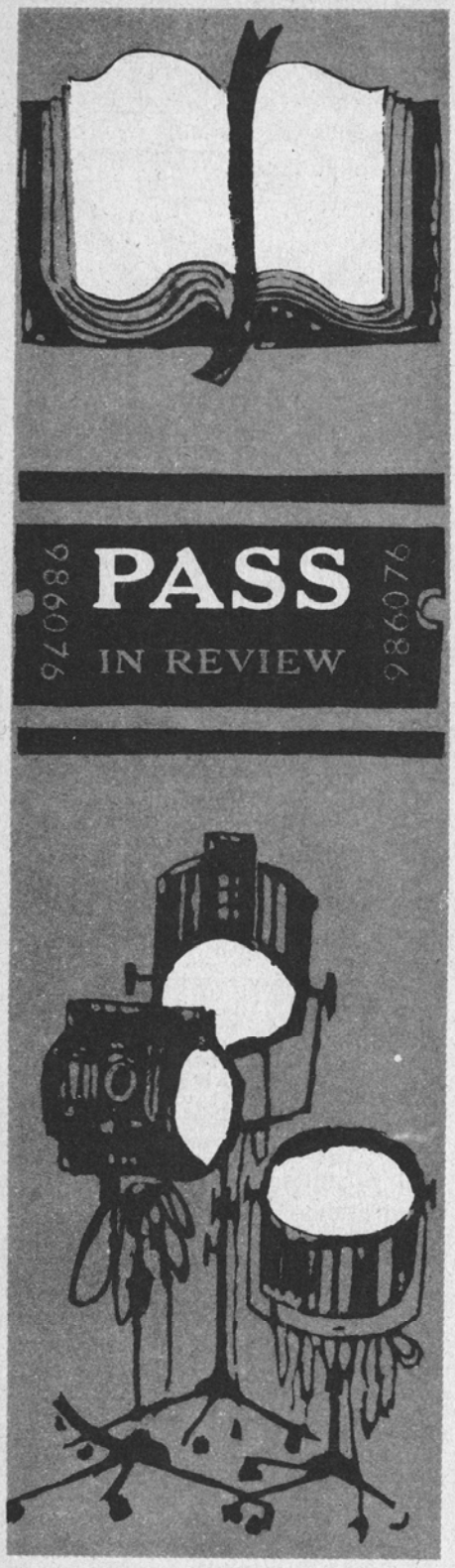
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ *ZIP* _____

*We do not claim that physically handicapped or other disadvantaged persons can perform these feats. Nor are these techniques claimed to be effective against anyone armed with a loaded gun.



RECORDS

Angel's new recording of Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* is a triumph, magnificently cast and recorded. We are finally treated to the original version of the opera, in French, with superb performances by the likes of Montserrat Caballe, Nicolai Gedda, and Gabriel Bacquier. It is evident that a tremendous amount of thought and planning went into this production, and the results are well worth it.

Puccini's *La Faniculla del West* fares well on a new disc from the Seraphim label. Featured are stunning performances by Brigit Nilsson, Andre Mongelli and Joao Gibin. This recording, originally issued over a decade ago, will be welcomed by opera lovers as it has been out of print for some time.

Ezio Pinza, Vol. 2 (Rococo) contains some remarkable work from the bass and baritone singer. This material comes mostly from radio transcriptions, and will be welcomed by those who crave more of the late master's voice. Lucrezia Bori joins Pinza for a moving duet from "Mignon."

Enrico Caruso Centennial (Everest) celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of the magnificent tenor's birth. The disc concentrates on the songs rather than the operatic performances. Collectors will relish Caruso's glorious renditions of "Your Eyes Have Told Me What I Did Not Know" and "L'Alba Separa Dell Luce L'Onbra."

One of the more novel opera recordings to appear in a while is *Domingo Conducts Milnes/Milnes Conducts Domingo* (RCA). Placido Domingo and Sherill Milnes take turns conducting each other with very successful results, and the singing by both Metropolitan Opera stars is sensational. The aria from Boito's "Mefistofele," sung by Domingo, is particularly outstanding.

Rachmaninoff is known primarily for his works for piano and for orchestra. Angel's new recording of his *Vespers, Op. 37* brings the spotlight to another side of the composer's great talent. The USSR Russian Chorus under Aleksander Sveshnikov does a superb job with this moving religious work. Soloists Konstabtin Ognevci (t) and Klara Korkan (ms) turn in flawless performances.

Wishbone Ash: Live Dates (MCA) is the latest offering from the dynamic British rock group. This double-album features impressive instrumental work and solid writing from the band, which consists of Andy Powell, Ted Turner, Steve Upton and Martin Turner. Standouts include "The King Will Come" and "Baby What you Want Me to Do."

Tenor saxman Don Byas has influenced such greats as John Coltrane and Charlie Parker. That his own playing is by no means static is evident on *Anthropology* (Black Lion). A top-notch rhythm section consisting of Bent Axen (piano), Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen (bass), and William Schiopfee (drums) helps the proceedings along as Byas tackles pop standards and ballads. This disc testifies to the fact that twenty years in Europe have not dulled Byas' flow of new ideas.

With Bette Midler's hit version of "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," a new Andrews Sisters release was inevitable. *Boogie Woogie Bugle Girls* (Paramount) contains new recordings of their old biggies, including "Rum and Coca Cola," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" and "Bei Mir Bis Du Schoin." There's lots of fun to be had listening to these gals.

Jeannie C. Riley, of "Harper Valley P.T.A." fame, has a socko disc on her hands with *Just Jeannie* (MGM). There's a good collection of tunes here, all delivered in the great Riley style. "The Baptism of Jesse Taylor" and "Billy Joe, the Seeker," are our favorites.

Tom T. Hall is one of the top country songwriters in the business today. He's got a way with words that gets to the core of things. *For the*

People in the Last Hard Town (Mercury) brings us ten new winners from the Hall pen, including "Pay No Attention to Alice," and "Joe, Don't Let Your Music Kill You."

Recent years have seen some excellent Big Bill Broonzy reissues on the Yazoo label, and a great one on Epic as well. Biograph Records now brings us *Big Bill Broonzy: 1930's Blues* which concentrates on Broonzy's middle period, during which he recorded with piano and horns. While the folks at Yazoo seem to show some disdain for this period of Broonzy's work, it's simply a matter of taste. Broonzy's guitar work is featured less than on the earlier recordings, but the presence of great sidemen including Black Bob, Blind John Davis, Buster Bennett and Punch Miller, along with Big Bill's strong vocals, make for some exciting blues that are hard to beat.

The recent Universal film "The Sting" starring Paul Newman, Robert Redford and Robert Shaw, featured a good deal of ragtime by Scott Joplin. The soundtrack disc from *The Sting* (MCA) includes tasteful arrangements of Joplin's "The Entertainer" and "Rag Time Dance," as well as other ragtime pieces.

Carly Simon has become one of the more popular female singer-songwriters around. Her most recent lp, *Hotcakes* (Elektra) bears witness to the fact that she possesses a distinct vocal and writing style. While her lyrics sometimes border on the inane, Carly's delivery and top sidemen pull her across. Husband James Taylor assists on several numbers.

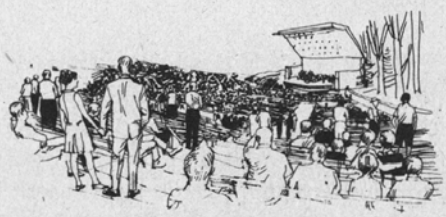
With all the fuss being made over the Dylan tour, it's tough to give *Planet Waves* (Asylum) an open-minded listening. While there are no songs here destined to become classics, there's still some solid music, with strong back-up by The Band. Those enamored of Dylan's earlier singing style will be pleased to find that the restrained Dylan of "Nashville Skyline" and "Johnny Wesley Harding" is no more.

The Best of Buck Owens, Volume 5 (Capitol) contains ten of Buck's recent country biggies. Included are "Made in Japan," "Get Out of Town Before Sundown," and "Arms Full of Empty." Buck's fine songwriting and good picking by the band make this a winner.

Earl Hines, one of the all time greats of jazz piano, is heard to good advantage on *Quintessential Recording Session* (Chiaroscuro). Many jazz buffs feel that Hines is at his best when he's alone, without a band, and this recording certainly adds weight to that line of argument. Hines has recorded here eight numbers that he originally recorded back in 1928. A comparative listening to the originals and the current recording provides a fascinating look at the development of Hines' musical thought and piano style.

Susan Raye: Plastic Trains, Paper Planes (Capitol) is another winner from the Buck Owens factory, featuring Susan's pleasing vocals on a number of Buck's tunes including "The Good Old Days are Here Again" and "I'll Still Be Waiting For You."

Bluegrass fans will want *Bobby Smith and the Boys From Shiloh: Stop Look and Listen* (Music City Workshop). Vassar Clements and Richard Hoffman contribute some exciting twin fiddle work, and Tom McKinney handles the banjo chores more than adequately. Smith's singing betrays a heavy Jimmy Martin influence, perhaps too heavy at times. There are two solid original tunes and strong trio singing, making for a well-rounded bluegrass program. Available from Music City Workshop, P.O. Box 12277, Nashville, Tenn. 37212.



BOOKS

Jane (Viking) by Dee Wells, is perhaps the most intriguing novel by a woman to come our way since Erica Jong's "Fear of Flying." Ms. Wells deals with an American girl residing in London, and her concurrently running affairs with a black lawyer, Scotch burglar, and an English lord. A sharp wit pervades this author's first novel, and we expect to be hearing more from her.

The Other deGaulle: 1944-1954 (John Day) by Claude Mauriac provides a penetrating look at the French leader. Mauriac offers an intimate look at post-War France, with anecdotal material involving Andre Malraux and others. These diaries are a must for anyone interested in the history of modern France.

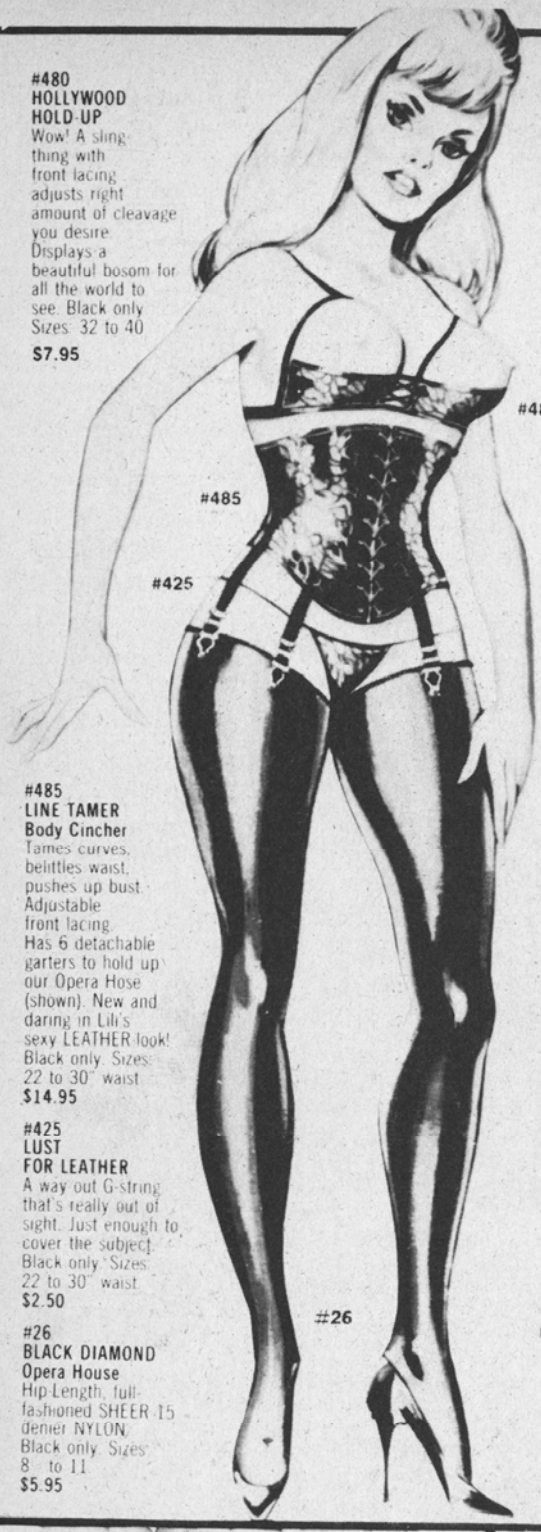
The Rand McNally Atlas of World Wildlife is a gorgeous production, overflowing with informative text and magnificent photographs and illustrations. The world is divided into eight zones which are discussed in terms of animal life, climate and vegetation. The effect of man and civilization on the animal world is also discussed, as are the efforts of conservation groups to save endangered species from extinction.

Will Rogers: The Man and His Times (American Heritage) by Richard M. Ketchum is an excellent biography of an outstanding American. While telling Rogers' story in the context of his times, Ketchum offers us a plentiful supply of the man's wit and wisdom. Ketchum's book is an ideal introduction to the man, but will also warm the hearts of long-time Rogers fans.

Passion Fashion

BIG GROOVY CATALOG FREE with ORDER

#480 HOLLYWOOD HOLD-UP
Wow! A sling thing with front lacing adjusts right amount of cleavage you desire. Displays a beautiful bosom for all the world to see. Black only. Sizes: 32 to 40
$7.95



#485 LINE TAMER Body Cincher
Tames curves, belittles waist, pushes up bust. Adjustable front lacing. Has 6 detachable garters to hold up our Opera Hose (shown). New and daring in Lili's sexy LEATHER look! Black only. Sizes: 22 to 30" waist
$14.95

#425 LUST FOR LEATHER
A way out G-string that's really out of sight. Just enough to cover the subject. Black only. Sizes: 22 to 30" waist
$2.50

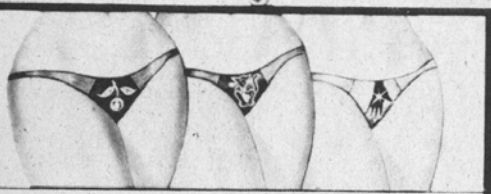
#26 BLACK DIAMOND Opera House
Hip-Length, full-fashioned SHEER 15 denier NYLON. Black only. Sizes: 8 to 11
$5.95

No. 270 WRAP SESSION
Wrap, drape, tie it to display gorgeous curves any way you wear it. Perfect for travel, fun & games, quiet evenings in front of the TV. 40 denier Nylon. Black Ice. Sizes: S-M-L
$13.95

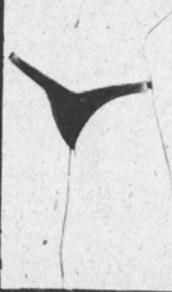
No. 117 LEATHER LOVERS
2-pc. Bikini. Looks like real leather that costs a fortune! Brief bra and bikini pants are positively the living end. Sizes: Small, Medium or Large
$7.95

No. 114 THREE-RING CIRCUS. Groovy! Leather-look in the barest creation yet. Three magic rings hold it in place . . . reveal all of her charms. (Photo fans: you'll take a million shots of her in this thrilling style.) Black only in sizes: S-M-L
$8.95

#68 NUDIE CUTIE
For bed, boudoir or decorating any scene. Lace-lavished Nylon twosome — daring bra has exotic "shape and escape" cut-out bust. Matching panty has no crotch at all. Free 'n' easy ever so breezy and both wildly flattering. Black or Red. Sizes: S-M-L
$7.95

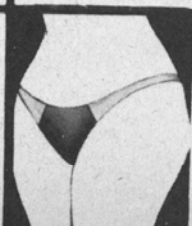


APPLIQUED SCANTIES. You'll want an assortment of these sheerest of sheer nylon panties. French shadow panel is appliqued. Black, Red, White. Sizes: S-M-L
NO. 808 CHERRY, 809 PUSSY CAT, 810 GOLD FINGER $2.50 ea. SAVE! THREE for only $6.95



#200 DOUBLE DIP. Dips low back and front . . . hugs hips. Bare-ly there beauties in sleek 40 denier Nylon cling like a second skin. Buy all 6 seductive shades—Black, Pink, Nude, Aqua, Red, White. Sizes: S-M-L
Each $2.50
THREE FOR $6.95

No. 18 FRENCH DELIGHT. This brief wisp of sheer nylon and lace gives you bare-alure. No crotch at all! High cut legs. Black, Red, White, Nude
$2.95 3/$8.50



No. 350 SCANTIE PANTIES. Sheerest 100% nylon with contoured French shadow panel. Black, Red, White, Pink, Blue or Flesh. Sizes: S-M-L
THREE FOR $4.95

the undie-world® of Lili St. Cyr

ORDER BLANK ☐ LILI ST. CYR ☐ Dept. 9374
7471 Melrose Ave. Hollywood, California 90046

Please rush me the following items. I have enclosed
☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order for FULL amount
(SORRY — NO C.O.D.'s)

HOW MANY	ARTICLE	STYLE #	SIZE	COLOR FIRST	CHOICE SECOND	PRICE

TOTAL

Bust _____ Cup Size _____ Hip _____ Waist _____ Height _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Calif. res. add 5% tax

LIFE SIZE - LIFE LIKE
INSTANT ACTION

CENTURY 21
PLAY-GIRL
SO ROUND SO FIRM SO FLEXIBLE

new design — LIFE-LIKE IN EVERY DETAIL!

OPEN MOUTH (AIR POWERED)

HUMAN-LIKE BUST FEMALE FEATURES

The **ONLY** doll in the world with electronic-type action mouth, molded breasts, and **ALL** female parts.

FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

That's right ! ! ! Marilyn is the **ONLY** human-like **ACTION DOLL** available in America. Her success in Europe has been so overwhelming, that we've brought Marilyn to America. Let her life-like reproduction female qualities astound you as they have others.

BUILT IN FEATURES

All of Marilyn's female components are built right into her body. Her breasts are human-like in **EVERY** detail, both in texture and structure, right down to the finest point. This is an exclusive feature that is **ONLY** available on the Marilyn doll. Her open mouth is an achievement in design. The human-like action, tight-flexible cheeks inside her mouth, work on the principle of air suction. Just squeeze the back of her head gently, and watch her pulsating mouth come to life. Her mouth is precise enough to grasp a pencil. Marilyn comes with all the female parts you expect. Even **THESE** parts were designed to act as human-like as possible. Her well rounded hips and legs are soft and flexible. You can make Marilyn thin, you can make her shapely, you can make her pleasingly plump, in fact Tiger, you can make her **ANY** way you desire.

THE ONLY ACTION DOLL

Don't confuse Marilyn with toy like dolls being sold on the market. Marilyn is **NOT** a toy. She was designed for the **ACTION MINDED** man. Imagine coming home to your own 21st Century play-girl always ready for action.

DRESS HER UP

Dress her up in lingerie, bathing suit, dainty underclothes, tight fitting sheek dresses, pant outfits, mini skirts or leather. Her well rounded legs can wear any style boots or shoes, nylons or hose. Think of the fun you'll have dressing Marilyn the way **YOU** feel a woman should dress. And best of all, Marilyn knows how to show her appreciation. Order now, while she is still available at this extremely low price, or before she becomes a collectors item.

FEATURES

- FLESH LIKE VINYL BODY
- DEEP THROAT ACTION OPEN MOUTH
- ALL FEMALE PARTS BUILT IN
- FORMED HUMAN-LIKE BUST
- SPONGY DETAILED BREASTS
- LIFE LIKE IN EVERY DETAIL
- MOUTH POWERED BY AIR SUCTION
- HUMAN-LIKE ACTION

RATED XXX

comes complete with all feminine parts.

MAKES ALL OTHER DOLLS OBSOLETE.

why settle for less? Now you can own the **original** Marilyn doll

ONLY **$19.95** DELUXE MODEL

2 MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't think Marilyn is the most human-like doll you've ever seen, return her for a full refund of the purchase price.
(Marilyn designed from above drawings)

The only doll sold in the world with action open.mouth, moulded breasts, and all female parts.

MEET MARILYN (Marilyn sold as an adult novelty only)

CENTURY 21 ELECTRONICS

Box 44250
Van Nuys, Calif. zip 91412

DEPT. . DH-105 _____

GENTLEMEN: Please rush Marilyn to me on a 10 day free trial. I understand she comes complete with all female features. I must be 100% satisfied or my money will be refunded.

☐ Deluxe Model. I enclose 19.95 + .95 shipping charges. Send Marilyn complete with ALL female parts built in.

☐ Custom Model. I enclose 29.95 + .95 shipping charges. Send Marilyn complete with ALL built in female parts plus DEEP THROAT action open mouth and other built in surprise features.

☐ SEND BIKINI SET. I enclose 2.00 extra.

☐ Please rush. I enclose 1.00 extra.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

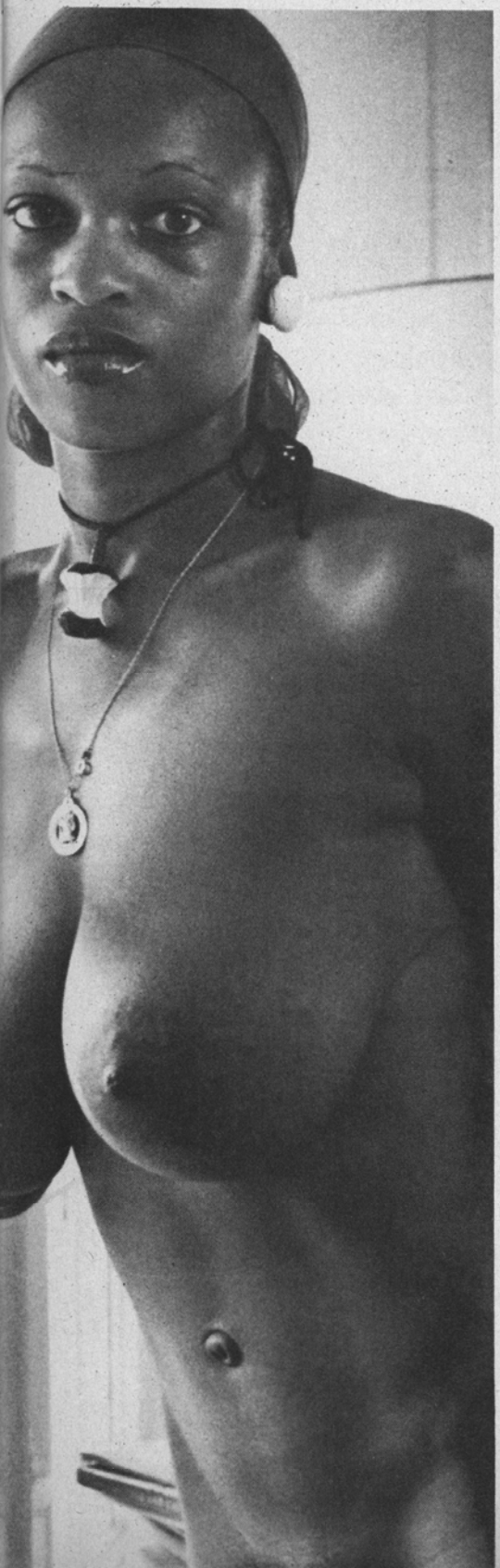
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

CALIF. RESIDENCE ADD 6% SALES TAX

WILL MARTIN/*editor*
R. B. KENDENNIS/*managing editor*
DICK DOWNE/*associate editor*
BILL BRADY/*art director*
BARBARA AMY LEE/*subscription*

GEM

VOL. 15 NO. 6 JULY 1974



FEATURES

6 **TESTING YOUR OQ** ..... **Dr. Clyde Max**
How to score your orgasm quotient, but make sure you score.

8 **THE EREKTOBLISS HEARINGS** ..... **William Garvin**
A stiff investigation in Washington brings stiff results.

18 **THE PROFESSOR'S CAPER** ..... **M. Sanchez-Lopez**
A teacher suddenly plunges into a new life of adventure.

28 **FLOWING WINES AND PASSIONS** ..... **Glen Pritchard**
Interviewing a high-spirited female owner of a winery.

31 **GEM'S RATED X DIGEST** ..... **Paul Steiner**
Quickies and snatches from the adult entertainment world.

44 **FILE UNDER "M" FOR MIDGET** ..... **Bill Maury**
The world's smallest private eye is big where it counts.

48 **GETTING GASSED** ..... **Charles Dennis**
A cartoon report showing that oil is not well yet.

55 **A FISHY COMPUTER** ..... **Joseph E. Brown**
Necessity's the mother of invention; what about the father?

PICTURE THIS

10 **ALICE**
14 **ALLISON**
22 **KATE**
34 **DULCY**
36 **GEM OF THE MONTH**
50 **ELLEN**
62 **TOTIE**

DEPARTMENTS

1 **PASS IN REVIEW**
21 **SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS** ..... **Orson A. Round**
57 **BOFFS AND CRACKS** ..... **Ted Bradley**

Picture Credits: Professional models used unless otherwise stated.

GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 303 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies: $1.25. Subscription rates: 6 issues in U.S. and possessions: $6.00; 12 issues: $12.00. Foreign: $7.00 and $14.00. Unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity in names and places mentioned in fiction and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. Entire contents copyright 1974 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

Despite the fact that the term "orgasm" is so popular these days, there are many people who are abysmally ignorant of this ever-popular occurrence. Are you one of them? When the talk gets around to orgasm, do you stammer suddenly and excuse yourself, remembering a previous engagement? Or are you like the naive man from Topeka, Kansas, when asked to describe an orgasm said "it's a musical instrument you play sitting down." The following list of questions was designed with the intent of informing our readers of the newest fad among women—orgasms. Take the test, keep score, and check the results at the end for your rating, known as your Orgasm Quotient, or OQ. Here we go:

1. What type of women are most likely to achieve orgasms?

(a) Short women who stay in bed for long periods.

(b) Long women who have short periods.

(c) Screwy women.

2. What percentage of women never experience an orgasm?

(a) 100 per cent—dead ones and frigid women, especially those that sleep in refrigerators.

(b) Half—the bottom half.

(c) One in four—if they're all in the same bed.

3. What is the greatest deterrent to women achieving orgasm?

(a) Having a cathedral too spacious for her male's organ.

(b) Smoking while making love.

(c) Smoking instead of making love.

4. When are most female orgasms experienced?

(a) When the frost is on the pumpkin.

(b) When riding a motorcycle two sizes too large.

(c) When having sexual intercourse.

5. How do women most often describe their first orgasm?

(a) Like wishing this moment never ends.

(b) Like winning a sweepstakes.

(c) Fire down below!

6. What thoughts pop into a woman's mind as she is straining to achieve orgasm?

(a) And I thought ping-pong took a lot out of you.

(b) Hang in there, cowboy!

(c) Oh, oh. I think I hurt myself.

7. What words or phrases do women say most often as they reach their orgasm?

(a) Okay, everybody out of the pool—the dam is bursting.

(b) Play it again, Sam.

(c) I saw, I conquered, I came.

8. How can a man tell if a woman is ready to achieve an orgasm?

(a) By counting the rings around her trunk—4 or more and she's ready.

(b) If she sneezes and sets the sheets afire.

(c) If she blushes madly and forms her legs into the letter O.

9. What position is reportedly most conducive to orgasms?

(a) The athletic one, utilizing the breast stroke, lateral crawl, parry and thrust.

(b) Both woman and man on top.

(c) Both on the bottom.

10. What do most women do after reaching an orgasm?

(a) Reach for another.

(b) Help the man to his feet.

(c) Get dressed before their husbands get home.

Okay, orgasm fans. Mark your papers carefully now. For every (a) answer, you get 5 points; (b) means 8 points and (c) gives you 10.

A score of 50 to 70 means you are a beginner, orgasm-wise. We suggest frequent sessions of peeking in at your neighbors and perhaps a course on Orgasms—Adults Only—at your local Community College. For the present, avoid wife-swapping parties. You'll only humiliate yourself.

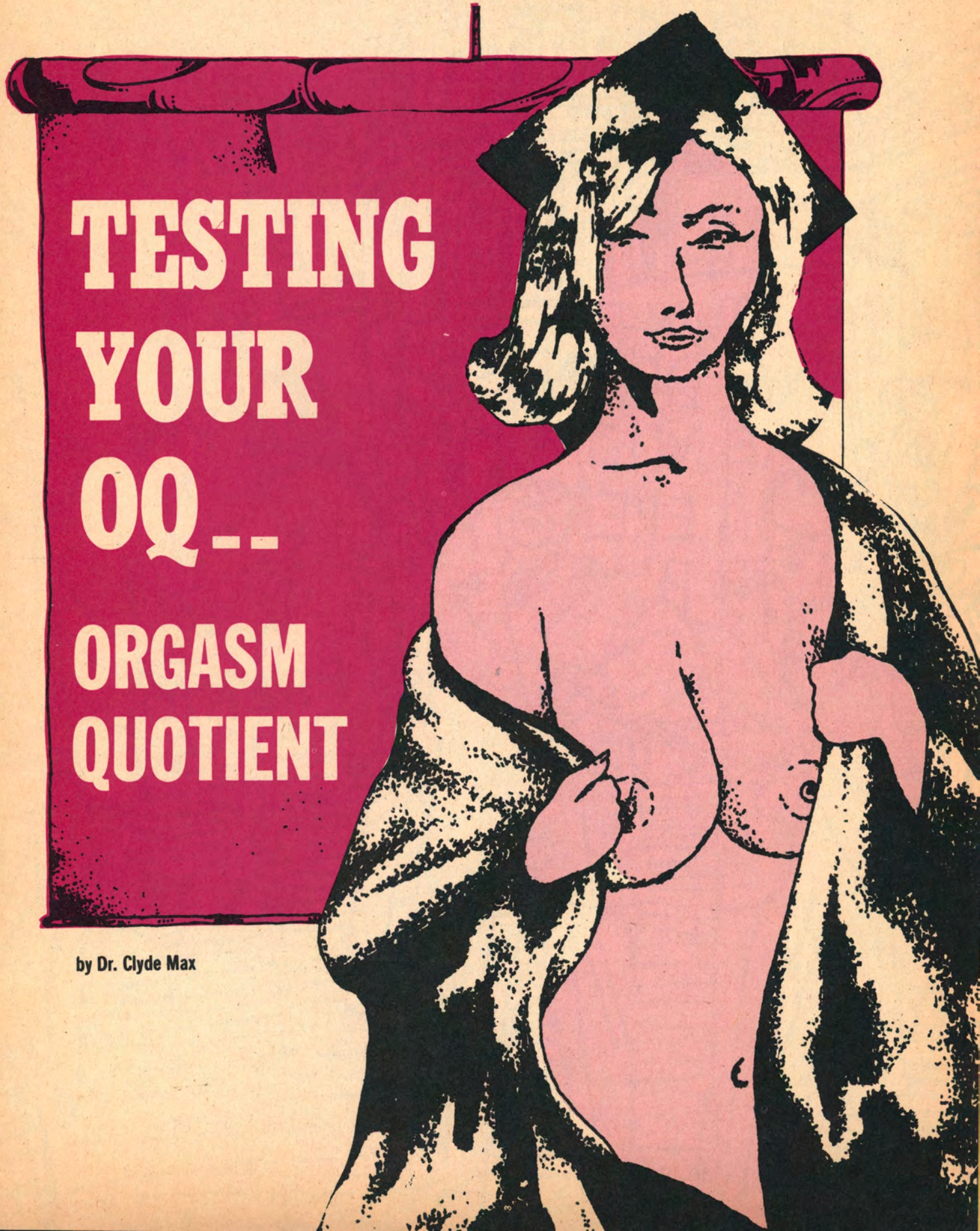
If you get between 71 and 85, you'll do okay. You might try the Orgasm Category on a quiz show or try this test on your wife tonight. Tests like this often help bring about the female orgasm.

A score of 86 to 100 means you've got it made. People will seek you out for advice and, more important, women will seek you out for orgasms. Advice: Protect yourself at all times and see your physician after every sexual outing. Incidentally, we may have the scorings wrong. It may be that the lower your score, the more knowing you are . . . or maybe it's if you're in the middle—forget it. The main thing is if you score.

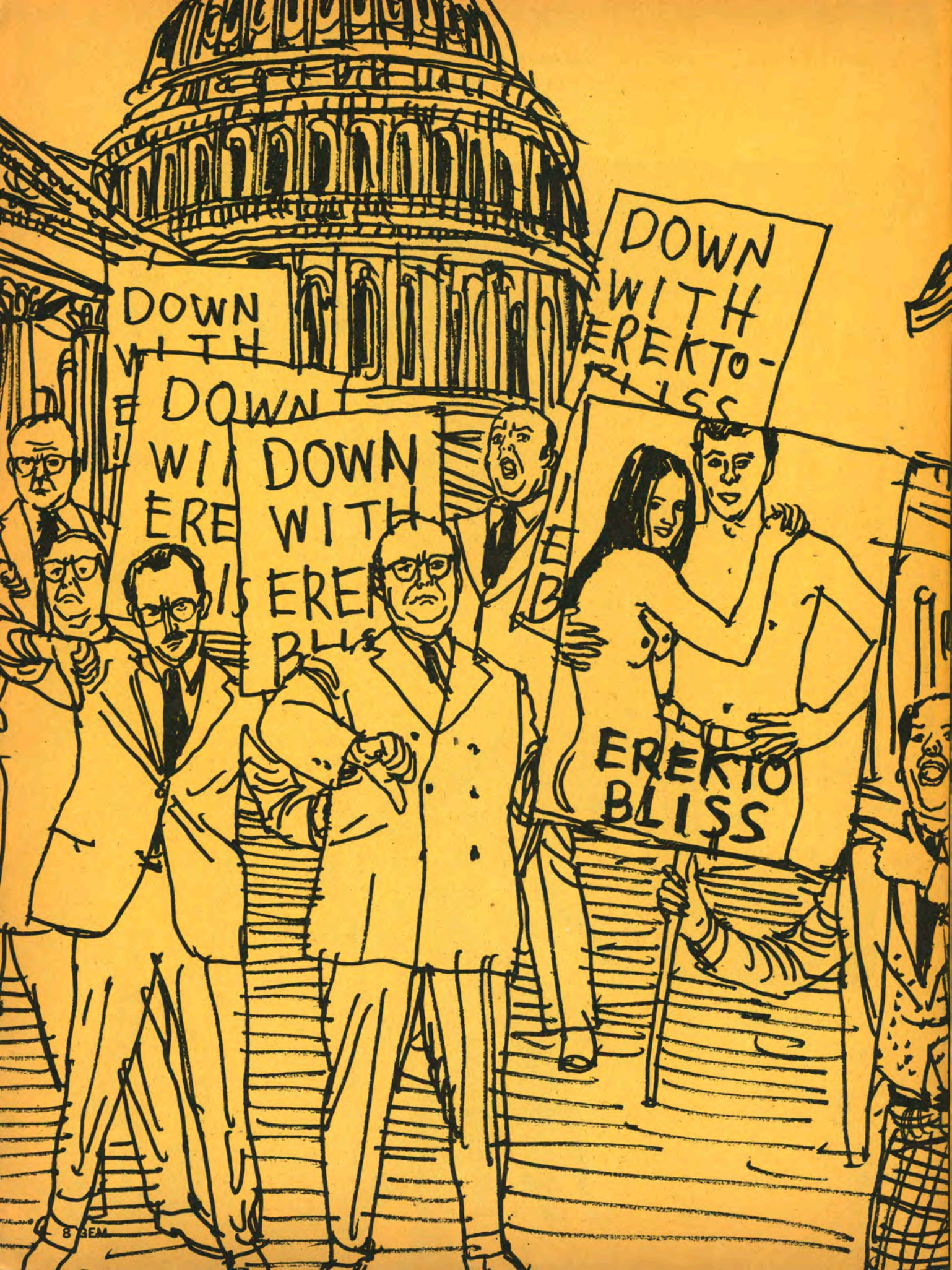
Happy orgasms, one and all. □

Here's your chance to find out what you really know about orgasms. But score properly—after all, the most important thing is to score, and score and score

TESTING YOUR OQ-- ORGASM QUOTIENT



by Dr. Clyde Max


DOWN WITH EREKTO-
DOWN WITH
DOWN WITH
EREKTO BLISS

THE EREKTOBLISS HEARINGS

A stiff investigation in Washington brings stiff results

by William Garvin

Come to order; the Joint Subcommittee is now in session; Senator Randolph Foster presiding; come to order.

Thank you. I would like—Good Lord. Can somebody do something about that mike noise? Take out the hum? All right, that's better. Mr. Reverdy, is your client present and prepared to testify?

He is, Senator. And I wish to have it noted for the record that Mr. Hankins is appearing voluntarily before this committee in order to clear up some of the vicious and completely unfounded . . .

Yes, yes, Mr. Reverdy. Voluntarily. Be it so noted. He will have ample opportunity to make a full statement, and with all due respect to your renowned forensic ability, I don't believe he will need counsel to make the statement for him.

I merely wanted it to go on record, Senator Foster, that my client, as a good citizen, is prepared to cooperate with your committee in every way and that he will do so willingly. He is as much a victim of the Erekto Corporation's troubles as any stockholder in the company or user of the, uh, product.

Well, that's what we're here to determine. And now, if you don't mind, I would like to hear direct testimony from Mr. Hankins himself. Are you ready to begin, sir? . . . I'm sorry, we can't hear you up here . . . Oh, for Chri— Will someone fix that mike for him?

Yes sir. It's on now.

From now on I want the sound engineer to make sure before any committee meetings are held in this chamber that the microphones are all working properly. Is that understood?

Yes, Senator.

Very well. Mr. Hankins, are you ready?

I am.

I wish to remind you that even though you were sworn yesterday before we adjourned, you are still under oath.

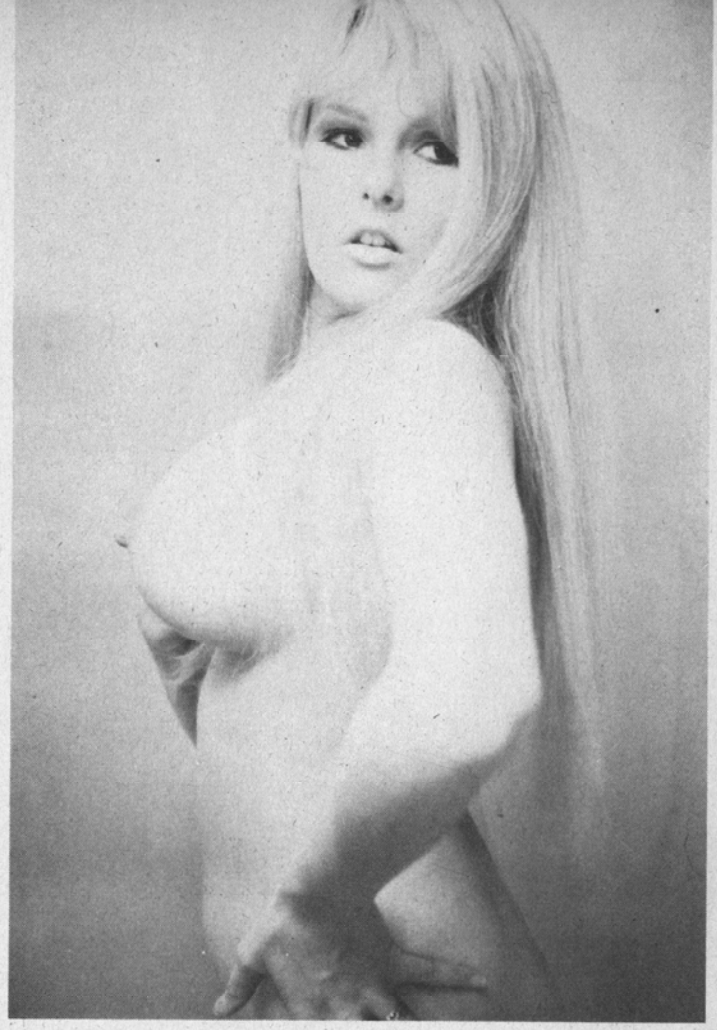
I understand.

Good. Senator Hamill, do you wish to proceed with your questions?

Yes, indeed. I am always wholeheartedly willing to follow the lead of, and lend a

(continued on page 17)

ALICE



Here's a gal who's pretty as a picture, and its only fitting, for she's a photographer by profession. Alice was gracious enough to lay her own camera down and step in front of ours, and the result is some pics we thought you'll flip over. Hailing from Leavenworth, this beautiful blonde got into photography at an early age. While the other girls were playing with dolls, she was out snapping photos with a simple camera she'd received as a birthday present. After-school hours were often spent in a darkroom she'd set up in the basement of her house. An ardent supporter of women's lib, Alice is glad to see more women entering the field of photography. "One of the great women of photography was based right here in Leavenworth," she told us. "Mary Eberhard opened a studio here in 1924. She owned one of the greatest collections of photos of the old West that ever was assembled. In addition to her own stuff, she had the old wet-plate negatives of E. E. Henry, Harrison Putney, and Horace Stevenson."

While this delightful damsel left us to process a roll of film, we surmised that few guys wouldn't give their eye-teeth for a few minutes alone in the darkroom with her. "I'll be out in a minute," she called to us. "This film's still underdeveloped." There's nothing

underdeveloped about Alice's own terrific anatomy, you'll have noticed by now. The alluring contours of her shapely body cause male eyes to focus on her wherever she appears.

We asked Alice if she had ever done any film photography. "Just a bit," she answered, "back in school. Most of my friends are into it, but I just never got the bug. There are still new dimensions to be explored in still photography. I hardly ever work in color, as a matter of fact. I prefer the textures and tones that can be achieved using just black and white."

This camera-toting cutie can pose for us anytime she likes—there's no danger of overexposure. It's impossible to tire of looking at her lovely countenance and enticing form. □

ALLISON

It stands to reason that this gal's a real sweetie, for she makes her living as a confectioner. Allison does a good business selling various candies of her own concoction. "The sweet tooth has been in the family for generations," sighs Allison who admits she can't resist eating too much of the delicious tasting bonbons. "My great-grandfather was Swiss, and was involved with chocolate making when they invented milk chocolate in the late 1860's. When the family moved to the States in 1897 they started a candy business in Pennsylvania, not too far from where the original Hershey factory went up in 1903. Grandma and grandpa did alright for themselves selling candy. They also made some moonshine on the side. It was rumored to be pretty powerful stuff. We had the old still out back until last year when we scrapped it to make way for a swimming pool."

"My mom was in the business too," said Allison. "She was a dairy maid in a candy factory."

"What did she do?" we asked.

"Oh, she milked chocolate," Allison giggled.

Allison continues to make candies ac-

cording to her grandparent's time-tested recipes, in addition to concocting goodies of her own. We sampled a few of her rich creations and had our taste buds treated to rare delights. Allison's own natural goodies are rare delights, too. Our cameraman was so flipped out over her mammoth protuberances that he shot the first series of pics without loading his camera, a mistake that some of us at the office suspect was a mere ploy to prolong the pleasure of gazing on Allison's heavenly globes. Needless to say, our photographer didn't gripe about having to work overtime that day.

Allison says she's engaged and that the bells will be ringing in a couple of months. We're just green with envy of the lucky guy who receives her candy kisses. □

EREKTOBLISS HEARINGS

continued from page 9

helping hand to, my able and distinguished colleague from the great state of North Dakota. Now. Your name and residence, sir?

Bernard L. Hankins. Englewood, New Jersey.

What is your position in the Erekto Corporation?

President.

You are the chief executive officer?

I suppose you could say that.

What do you mean, you suppose I could say that? Are you the chief executive officer or not?

Senator, I protest this pointless badgering of my client. He has already stated that he is the corporation's chief executive, so what more do you want?

I want Mr. Hankins to admit in a straightforward manner that he and he alone has the major responsibility for the company's operations, instead of implying that perhaps he doesn't.

He implied no such thing.

Senator Hamill, Mr. Reverdy, let's get on with it. It is not going to be productive to spend our time arguing about implications and the like.

As usual, my esteemed colleague has cut to the heart of the matter and put us back on the correct road with his typically astute observation.

I thank the Senator from Maryland for his kind words, but let's proceed.

I just want to add that this is not the first time my friend and colleague from North Dakota has torn down the iron bars of obfuscation in a committee hearing by scattering a few pearls of wisdom into . . .

As grateful as I am for the Senator's generous praise, I will ask him now to continue the questioning.

Certainly. Now, Mr. Hankins, in what kind of business is your company engaged?

The manufacture of a pharmaceutical product.

What is the name of the product?

We call it ErektoBliss.

And what is the purpose of ErektoBliss?

Order! I want order in this chamber! I must remind you people sitting in the spectators' section that this is an official hearing of a United States Senate subcommittee, and these hearings are not, and should not be, a subject for levity. Please proceed, Senator Hamill.

I repeat, Mr. Hankins. What is the purpose of ErektoBliss?

Senator, I would like to consult with my client before he answers that question.

For how long?

Just one minute, sir.

Permission granted.

Ready now? Clerk, please read my last question.

I repeat, Mr. Hankins. What is the purpose of ErektoBliss?

I respectfully decline to answer on the grounds that my testimony on this point might tend to incriminate me.

What is this, Mr. Reverdy? Not five minutes ago you assured us all that your client would cooperate fully with this committee. Now, practically as soon as the questioning gets under way, he's taking the Fifth. That strikes me as an odd way of cooperating.

He *is* ready to extend his full cooperation, Senator Foster, but naturally he reserves his constitutional right to decline to answer certain questions. Surely you would not deny him those elementary rights guaranteed under . . .

All right, all right. Proceed from a different angle, Senator Hamill.

A characteristically wise suggestion from my eminent Senatorial associate and fellow committee member. Mr. Hankins, I think we would all be interested in knowing you how happened to develop this product of yours, ErektoBliss. Can you tell us about it?

Well, we used to make a skin lotion for acne. This chemist of ours, a young guy named George Spinelli, was always fooling around in the lab, trying to find ways to improve the product. You see, in the acne control business—

Excuse me, Mr. Hankins. We're really not too concerned with acne and other skin disorders. Could you get to the point, please, and tell us about ErektoBliss?

O.K. One day George came bursting into my office and said he's just discovered a terrific new formula, a formula for a cream that made soft material stiff. Well, I didn't give it much thought. Neither did Hank McCready, our sales manager. A cream that could make soft things hard. Big deal. I mean, you can stiffen soft stuff with lots of different chemicals. All kinds of plastics, for instance. Spray a plastic on cloth and it'll firm up. Coat a piece of paper with some varnish and it'll firm up. So I told him to get back to his test tubes and stop bothering me with those crazy ideas. Then, that night, I'm in bed, it suddenly hit me. And I got so excited I jumped up, ran to the phone, called George and yelled, meet me at the office right away. He said, sure, but do you know what time it is? It was after midnight, but I didn't care. I told him never mind the time, just get your a— just drive down there *immediately*. That's how I made my first big mistake, acting so excited.

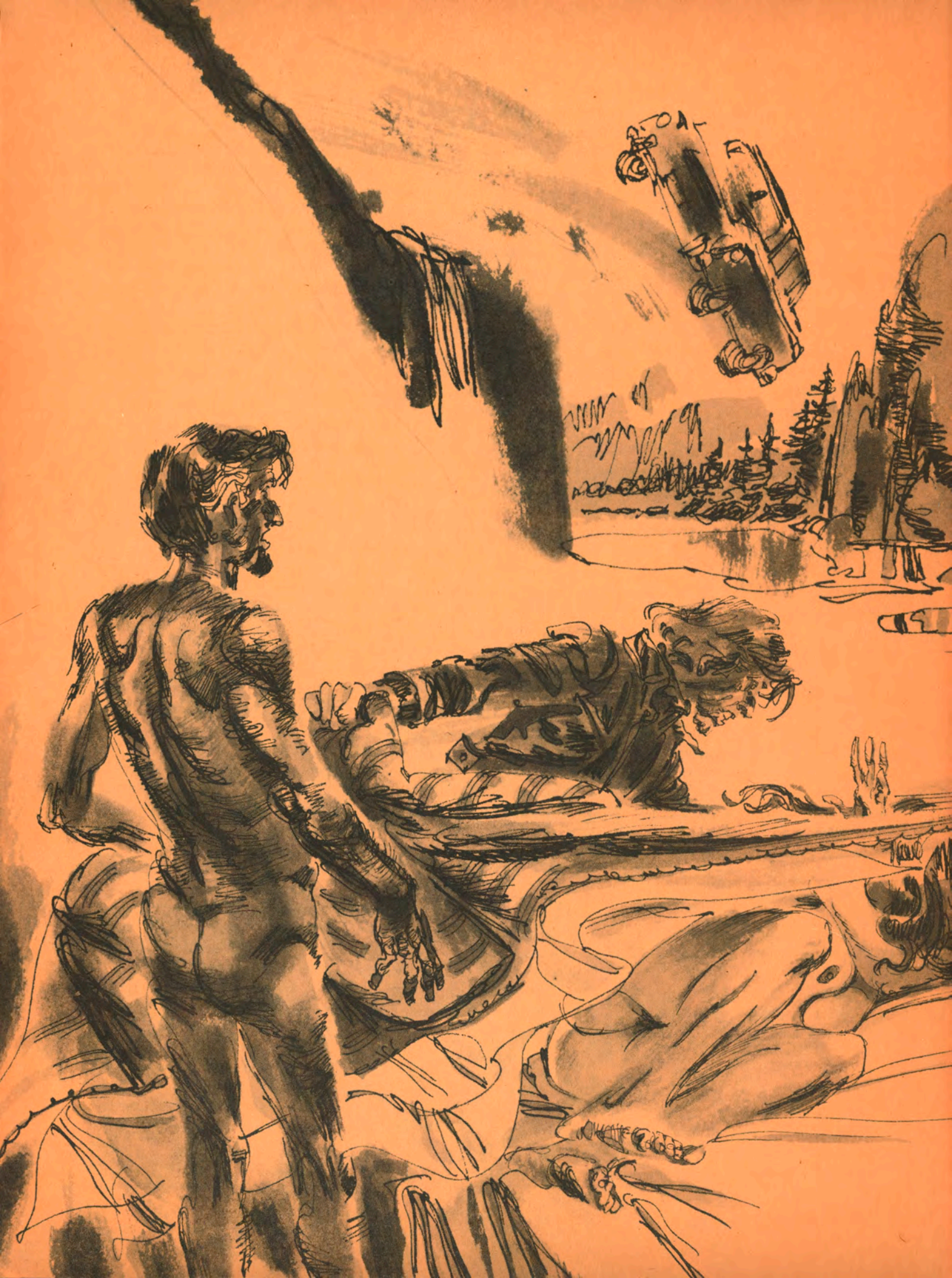
Why was that a mistake, Mr. Hankins?

We didn't have any inventions contract with George.

Inventions contract?

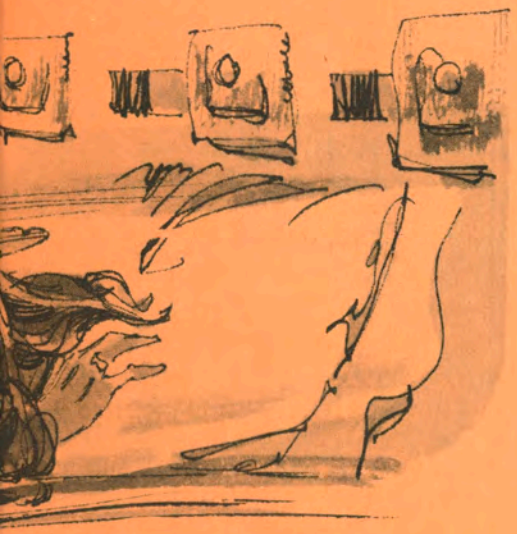
A contract that says if a man who

(*continued on page 68*)



On a scholarly vacation in Europe, a teacher suddenly takes a plunge into a new life of adventure and danger

THE PROFESSOR'S CAPER



by M. Sanchez-Lopez

On this glorious morning, while the sun shines gaily through the Alps, Professor Hogart is speeding in his beat-up car down a winding highway that leads from Switzerland to the Italian border; the Professor's destination, the village of Dongo in Italy. He teaches history at a college back in New York City and having discovered that, because of it, his trips abroad are tax deductible, he keeps coming to Europe every summer. On each occasion he visits a historical place and at the same time collects antiques from the towns he passes. Because, let's put it frankly, the Professor is an antique nut. His apartment in Manhattan, where his wife remains keeping a watchful eye, is full of the most extravagant objects. This expensive hobby explains why such a distinguished and good looking man is driving that eye sore of a car. Right now, considering the expression of self confidence reflected on his face, nothing seems to be bothering the Professor. What happens is that he is rehearsing mentally the lecture he will give to his history class at his return: "Near Dongo, on April 28, 1945 Italian anti-fascists caught Benito Mussolini and his mistress, Clara Petacci, trying to escape into Switzerland and after a brief 'trial' they were executed."

The Professor remains thoughtful for a while. The tragic ending of Mussolini and his mistress reminds him that, as of late, and after ten years of a peaceful marriage, he too is sporting a mistress. Her name is Margaret. She is a married woman with two children. The Professor's marriage is childless. He had met Margaret a year before at an auction on Second Avenue in New York. Both were interested in the same Chinese vase. There was an agreement between them not to bid against each other, and this led to another type of agreement, and soon Professor Hogart and Margaret were hitting it off in several hotels around town. Now he is wondering when the whole affair is going to end, because as the Professor's passion started to diminish he began to realize that his secret affair was costing him too much money. A severe conflict of interests between sex and his love for antiques

was taking place. Understandable enough, the quality of his latest acquisitions was deteriorating.

So preoccupied is the Professor with this thought that he doesn't notice an oil spill ahead on the road. The car skids when it reaches it, goes out of control striking the protective rail, and plunges over a cliff. The Professor has only time to brace himself against the wheel before the impact. And it comes, but it is less than expected. It is just a splash, with water hitting the windshield and the feeling of the car sinking. "This must be the river I was bordering in the last few miles" thinks the Professor, all dry and alert inside the car.

Luckily for him the windows of the car are rolled up. The view from his seat is not bad, with murky water bubbling and blades of grass passing in front of his eyes, almost like in a visit to the aquarium, but even so he realizes that the situation is critical, because no matter how cozy he feels there, the problem still remains of getting out alive. The Professor once read that it was impossible to open the doors of a submerged car against tons of water. So now he is putting this knowledge into practice by keeping his cool and doing nothing. Soon the water starts to trickle inside the car. First it gets to his shoes, afterwards the cold sensation advances up his knees, waist, chest, and when it almost reaches his nose, the Professor, figuring that by then the pressure inside and outside are equalized, shoves open the door of the car and swims his way to the surface.

Moments later Professor Hogar, his suit soaking wet, is holding an emergency telephone with his muddy hands and contacting the garage in the border town. In minutes a truck shows up. The Professor, standing by the oil spills, points out to the driver where his car has plunged. Afterwards he has to go back to the garage in the truck, when the man explains that more equipment and more help will be necessary to fish out the car from the river.

Once he arrives at the garage he declines the offer from the people there of calling a doctor but he accepts their offer to rest on a cot in an adjacent room while his clothes are drying. After spending some time looking at the ceiling and thinking about how much this unfortunate episode will cost him, he finally falls asleep. He is awakened by a smiling boy addressing him in Italian: "Signore Bottino, Signore Bottino, ecco il suo bagaglio."

The boy drops a wet suitcase on the floor and runs out of the room. Professor Hogart has no time to tell him that he is not Mr. Bottino, and that the suitcase is not his. Pulling aside the blanket thtat covers him, the professor decides to get up. While he is dressing, his eyes spot a name on the suitcase: Salvatore Bottino. "At least this explains the boy's mistake," he thinks.

As soon as he finishes getting dressed, he takes the suitcase from the floor and places it on the cot. But before the Professor opens that suitcase, I would like to be allowed a little philosophical digression. When we buy a lottery ticket, we usually blame our bad luck if we do not win; but of course if a catastrophe were to be raffled, we would find it fortunate that someone else is the winner. I say this because when our dear Professor had his untimely accident I am positive that he looked to you like that anonymous other to whom accidents happen. So, please, do not envy his good luck now. Yes, you guessed it! The suitcase is full of money! O.K., O.K. the money is not his, but that is not the point I am trying to make. Tell me, readers, how many times in your lives has someone handed you $400,000 in cash? But let's see how the Professor reacts.

He looks with fascination at the rows of twenty dollar bills neatly placed inside the suitcase. What he sees is a succession of Margarets and antiques marching in front of him. You must forgive the Professor for such material thoughts, but if you had a wrong impression of him because of his near-heroic escape from the river, this is a good reminder that he is only human. Perhaps a little too human as you soon will find out.

Once the first wonderful vision created by the money recedes, reality sets in and the Professor starts to juggle questions in his head: "Why did they give me this suitcase? Do they think that I am Mr. Bottino? If the suitcase is wet, that means that they picked it up from the place of the accident. If the suitcase was not inside of my car, is it possible that they fished out the wrong car, too? Is it possible there was a second accident in the same spot?"

When these last thoughts cross the Professor's mind, he dashes to the door and looks outside. He is greeted by the man who drove the truck to the accident: "Very soon your car will be ready, Mr. Bottino. You are very lucky. The car is in perfect running condition."

And there in the middle of the garage yard with several persons busy working on it, he sees the car the man is pointing to—a brand new Mercedes, a far cry from his beat-up hunk of junk.

Professor Hogart doesn't utter a word and backs into the room. "I could pretend amnesia, if worst comes to worst" he thinks fast.

Then another thought strikes him. "If these are Mr. Bottino's car and suitcases, where is Mr. Bottino? Could he have drowned in the river? Maybe he didn't have the windows of his car rolled up as I did.

The Professor spends about twenty minutes in this kind of speculation when, suddenly, there is a knock in the door. Quickly he closes the suitcase. "Yes?"

"Mr. Bottino, telephone for you."

"Telephone?"

When he answers outside, a raspy voice whispered to him over the line: "Are you Mr. Bottino, Mr. Salvatore Bottino?"

"Yes, I am" says the Professor, almost choking with the lie.

(continued on page 58)

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

Comedian Paul Lynde was asked if one side effect of "the pill" is depression.

"Yes," he said, "if she forgets to take it."

"Deep Throat" Gets Boost From Deep Thinker

"People do not see sex films and rape people. They rape people because of a lack of awareness or some pathology." So said Dr. Gordon Derner, dean of Adelphi's Institute of Advanced Psychological Studies.

The good doctor said sex films can reduce the fear, upset, anxiety and inhibitions that come from being told sex is ugly, dirty and bad. He had an interesting comment about "Deep Throat." "One colleague of mine said his wife commented it wasn't much—and then chased him all around the room when they got home."

All very interesting and certainly a plug for porno movies. Would you say the X-rating of movies should be reversed? Allow all young people to be admitted and keep out very senior citizens who possibly are too old, anyway?

So Maybe He Was Named After a Gay Lion

Some historians have unearthed so-called evidence which indicates that Richard, the Lion-Hearted, was a pansy. Should new books about him, instead of calling him King, refer to him as Queen Richard?

Hey, Momma, How 'Bout Reading a Dirty Bedtime Story?

It's hard to believe there's a recession, depression, hard times or a money shortage when men can be found who will pay $60 an hour just to listen to a woman talk "dirty" or read a book with all those interesting words in it, even though the reader is nude and sometimes the listener is, too. Seems a very expensive way to have such weird jollies.

Yet just such a thing has been going on in the wonderful city of San Francisco where Tony Bennett left his hat. The places are called "Encounter Parlors" and have names like *The House of Ecstacy, Tunnel of Love, House of Joy, Cupid's Corner* and *Den of Love.* Such names seem to promise more than is delivered for the rule is that clients may look and listen but "mustn't touch."

Attorney Gilbert Eisenberg, defending the parlors against a new licensing law to ban them, says, "No sexual act or touching of any kind is permitted between employee and customer." One dude, on finding out that was true, burst out of a booth shouting he wuz robbed. He claimed there should be more of an encounter in an encounter.

Come off it, Mack! Wadda you expect for a mere $60?

Love For Sale With a Credit Card

If a visiting fireman picks up a street-walker in the Big City he's likely to get screwed in more ways than one. For one thing, his wallet is likely to turn up missing. Many out-of-town businessmen think they can thwart such thievery by carrying very little cash and relying on credit cards. Never underestimate the power of a woman.

Recently the Manhattan D.A. exposed a ring that dealt in airline credit cards, swiped from flying customers by prostitutes. The girls would be paid $50 for each card. Then members of the ring (rotten males, all) would translate the cards into airline tickets and sell them at a discount.

Sad fact of life: many hookers hook.

And Here He Is, That Singing Idol of the World, VD!

In the funny papers we note that the greatest desire of any teenage girl is to have her own princess phone and be able to talk on it for hours and hours. But a recent survey shows there's something they want even more, something Ma Bell doesn't supply. It's info about S-E-X.

The femme kids gripe that parents are too embarrassed to tell it like it is and school instructors are no bargain either. One young lady wanted to know which contraceptive is best and her hygiene teacher said, "I'm not permitted to recommend any specific brand."

"Like wow!" said the girl. "They don't worry about me becoming pregnant as long as they're careful not to give a certain brand any free advertising!"

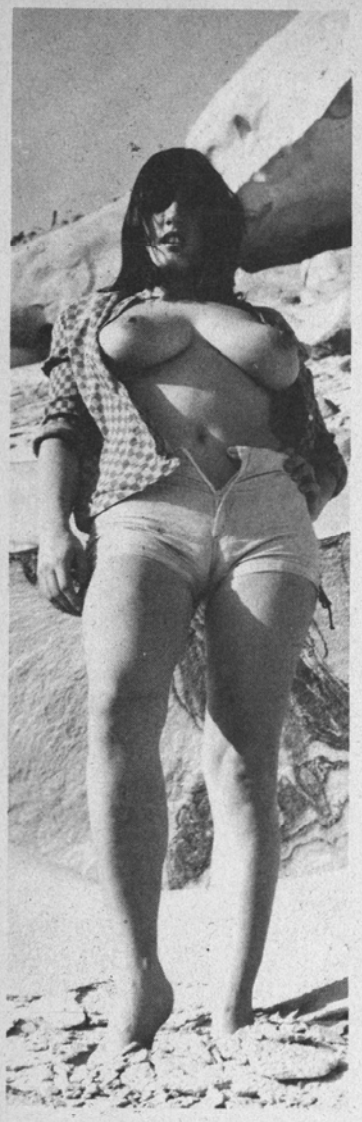
The survey was conducted by, believe it or not, the YWCA—yes, the YWCA. More than a thousand youngsters from various parts of the country were quizzed and while they touched on many other problems including jobs, racism and drugs, the need for a solution to their sexual dilemma was uppermost.

And that need can hardly be stressed more than by the reply of one girl who thought VD was the name of a rock vocalist.

KATIE

This sizzling sweetheart is one of the most exciting sights to be seen in present day New Mexico. Lovely and talented Kate is the proprietor of a popular Santa Fe headshop, "The Paisley Sombrero," and has one of the greatest shapes in the southwest, an area famous for its landscapes. As you can see, Kate's own topography is fabulous in their own rights. In addition, she's a dynamite cook and an expert on American Indian culture, as well as being a sharp businesswoman.

When we dropped by "The Pink Sombrero,"



Kate and a few friends were avidly discussing the "Don Juan" books of Carlos Castenada. Kate told us that she and her brother had recently returned from an unsuccessful search for the old man who serves as Castenada's brujo in the three books. "It was a worthwhile trip, though," Kate said. "I'd never been through the more rural areas of Mexico before. I really love it down there."

Soon after, Kate's friends left to keep an appointment with their friend, Mescalito, and the photo session began. We'll tell you this, we don't need a brujo to help expand our spiritual consciousness when Kate unveils her natural goodies. It's no wonder Kate has such a winning way with customers. The alluring contours of her fantastic form regularly send men into hypnotic trances. "I've been thinking of opening a restaurant next to the head shop,"

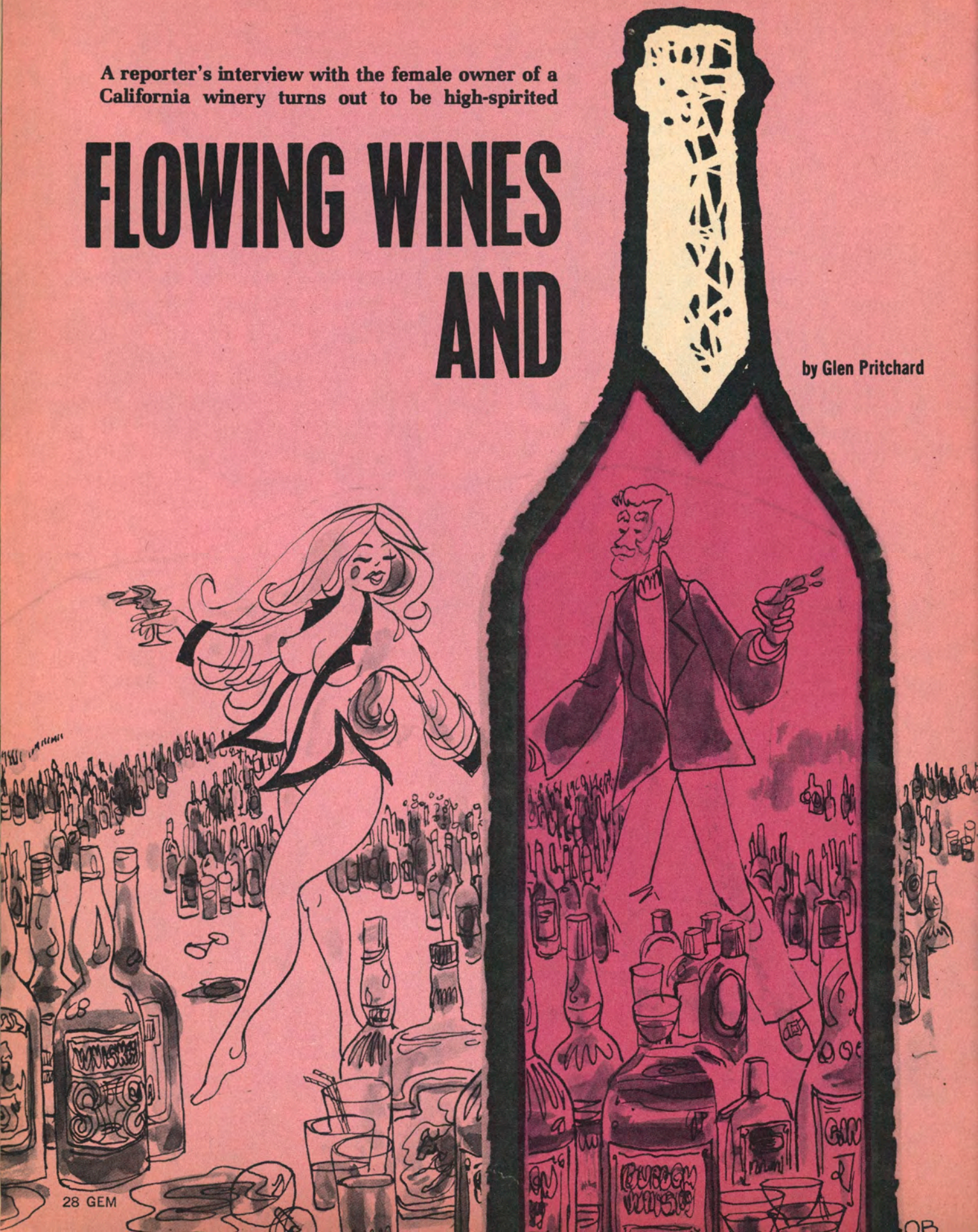
Kate told us. "I think it would be a sensation. I just love to cook, and some guys I know in town have a great rock band, and they'd play on weekends."

Rumors of Kate's winning way with food were borne out when she prepared a multi-course Mexican dinner including guacamole, enchiladas and tamales. We gorged ourselves shamelessly, but still have to admit that when it comes to spicy dishes, Kate still takes the cake. □

A reporter's interview with the female owner of a California winery turns out to be high-spirited

FLOWING WINES AND

by Glen Pritchard



We've heard so much about the latest wine crop that we decided to send our intrepid reporter to check on the facts, to determine if we really did have a banner year amid the vines. The following taped interview was conducted in the offices of one of the nation's leading vintners and seems to confirm what the knowledgeable experts have been saying for months.

Reporter: First of all, Miss Tish, let me say how surprised I am to find a young woman acting as spokesman—uh—spokeswoman for the California wine industry. A very attractive young woman, I might add.

Miss Tish: Well, I've been around wine all my life. My family has owned this vineyard since 1893 and it seemed entirely natural for me to take over the operation when my father retired. I thoroughly enjoy wine and am pleased to talk with you concerning the crop.

Reporter: Fine. We've heard great things about this year's production. Will all the predictions come true?

Miss Tish: We certainly hope so. First of all, we had a glorious growing season. It never got too hot, there were no heavy rains at the wrong time, and the general weather pattern contributed to a very heavy yield. Sugar content has been almost perfect at harvest time and we think all the varieties will be prime, of very high merit. Just take a sip of this Chardonnay.

Reporter: Ummm. Very good. I can see why you like it so much. I notice that you actually swallowed the wine. I thought wine tasters just spit it out.

Miss Tish: I think wine is for drinking, not just tasting.

Reporter: I agree. May I have a little more?

Miss Tish: Certainly.

Reporter: This is really great. Certainly a significant wine in every sense of the word.

Miss Tish: My, you do like wine, don't you? Here, try a glass of this Grey Riesling. It's a fine wine of superior distinction and you should let it roll over your tongue to get the full benefit of the bouquet.

Reporter: Oh yes, superb. No other word for it. I see that you enjoy it also.

Miss Tish: I certainly do. Ready for another slug—uh—sip?

Reporter: Sure. Let's have another round of this delightful liquid that slips so calmly into the inner man.

Miss Tish: We mustn't forget the red wines. Try this Zinfandel.

Reporter: Oh, this is most noble. I'm impressed by the fruity zing to this wine. I don't think I've ever tasted it before, my dear. You don't mind if I call you dear, do you?

Miss Tish: No, not in the least, old buddy. Zinfandel is a type quite unique to California and I must agree. It is a noble wine in all respects. Drink up, sport.

Reporter: Down the hatch. Say, it's really quite warm in here. Would you mind if I slip out of this jacket and loosen my tie?

Miss Tish: The good wine is working on you, my friend. Just strip anything away your little heart desires. I will also slip out of this warm sweater since I have a slip on underneath. You don't mind my getting comfortable, do you?

Reporter: That's fine with me. You do whatever, baby.

We'll get along fine no matter what.

Miss Tish: Back to the wine. Here is a lovely Gamay, a classy red which we have very high hopes for. It carries a full-bodied and exacting taste which is certainly mellow for a wine from Califundy . . . California. Do you like it?

Reporter: I like everything about this place, including you. Just sitting there in your slip and sipping wine, well, I mean, it's a real sight. I think I dig the wine business, especially the drinking part.

Miss Tish: I dig you, big boy. You look so damn cute with that wine dribbling down your chin.

Reporter: If there was a lock on that door I'd probably be tempted to do more than taste your wine, baby. I'm a man of action.

Miss Tish: Who says there isn't a lock on the door? Here, let me just close up shop for the rest of the day and we'll get down to a serious wine discussion.

Reporter: There, that's better. Good to shed the shirt. Just gets in the way; don't you agree, sweet princess of the vineyards? We should always be as nature intended.

Miss Tish: Can you help me unhook this darn thing? Too tight, I guess.

Reporter: I can see why. Wow! I mean, your crop is certainly of premium quality, well worth examing further.

Miss Tish: Let me give these big bubblies a bit of exotic taste. Just a dab of Sauvignon Blanc on this one, a bit of Chablis on the other. Which do you prefer?

Reporter: I doubt that I can make a decision quickly. Allow me the time required to make up my mind. Ummm. Delicious. Ummmm. Excellent. I can't decide which one I like best. Do you have a preference?

Miss Tish: Either will do. Just give it a second try and keep at it a little longer. Perhaps we can both agree on which is best. Ummm, oh, oh! Ummm, now you have it going right.

Reporter: The wine is going to more than my head.

Miss Tish: Likewise. We might as well get out of the rest of these clinging threads.

Reporter: The only way to taste wine. Nude is the way it's got to be if you really want to savor the experience of great wines.

Miss Tish: Yes, much better. And you may now taste this splendid Burgundy, a truly fresh and active wine with a bonny after-taste that displays just a hint of the robust character of the grapes.

"You're right, dear, a hairpiece does make you look ten years younger."

Reporter: I will add just a bit of this sweet liquid into this waiting vessel. There, that should do it.

Miss Tish: What are you doing? What are you doing with that bottle? Oh! Yes, yes, that's right. You have it now. Keep it up, sweet lover. Ah, yes, exactly right!

Reporter: Don't hurt yourself on the phone and pen set there. Hey, what has your wine done to me? You're staring, dear.

Miss Tish: Who wouldn't stare? A harvester, a gourd of thrilling delightfulness. Is that a word?

Reporter: Who cares? It sounded exactly right to me, whatever it happened to be. I got the understanding of your mouth saying whatever it said. I think. Hell, I don't know what I'm saying, but I'm feeling good.

Miss Tish: There's more than wine to taste around here, sweet darling. Ummmmm. Do you mind? Ummmmm.

Reporter: Mind? I have no mind, only hot, flowing sensations inside.

Miss Tish: Now this. Oh, yes and let it always continue! I feel the frenzy rising, the passion gaining on my senses!

Reporter: Let the wine flow as desire stirs the soup bones of every challenge! Damn, am I with it! Lights, camera . . .

Editors note: At this point the interview ended, probably because the recording equipment was damaged by falling off the desk. But our intrepid reporter apparently stayed on the job since the tape arrived a week ago in a wine-soaked package and with the following brief note: "Here it is. The wine up here is great and so are the executives who have allowed an interview. I think I'll stay right here and see how the next vintage turns out. While waiting I will continue my deep research into the relationship between good wine, anatomy, and strange passions. I should have an in-depth report soon. Send money, vitamins, antacids, perhaps a few headache pills." □

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

Peter Lipman-Wulf's illustration of a scene from "Faust," recently exhibited at N.Y.'s Goethe House.

By Paul Steiner

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

In "Cinderella Liberty," Eli Wallach, as an old salt, confides: "I'm an incurable romantic. Every time I'm with a girl I expect to hear the clap of thunder. I never hear the thunder, but occasionally I got the clap!"

In "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" by master filmmaker Francois Truffaut, the main femme character, Bernadette, is asked, "Are you a virgin?" And she replies, "Half and half—at the Home for Delinquent Girls we couldn't get out, but the doctor, the plumber, the milkman all got in." "When Bernadette gets out of prison, she'll need a contact with reality," a psychologist tells one of her former lovers. "I'll lay her anytime, that's contact, isn't it?" is the reassuring reply.

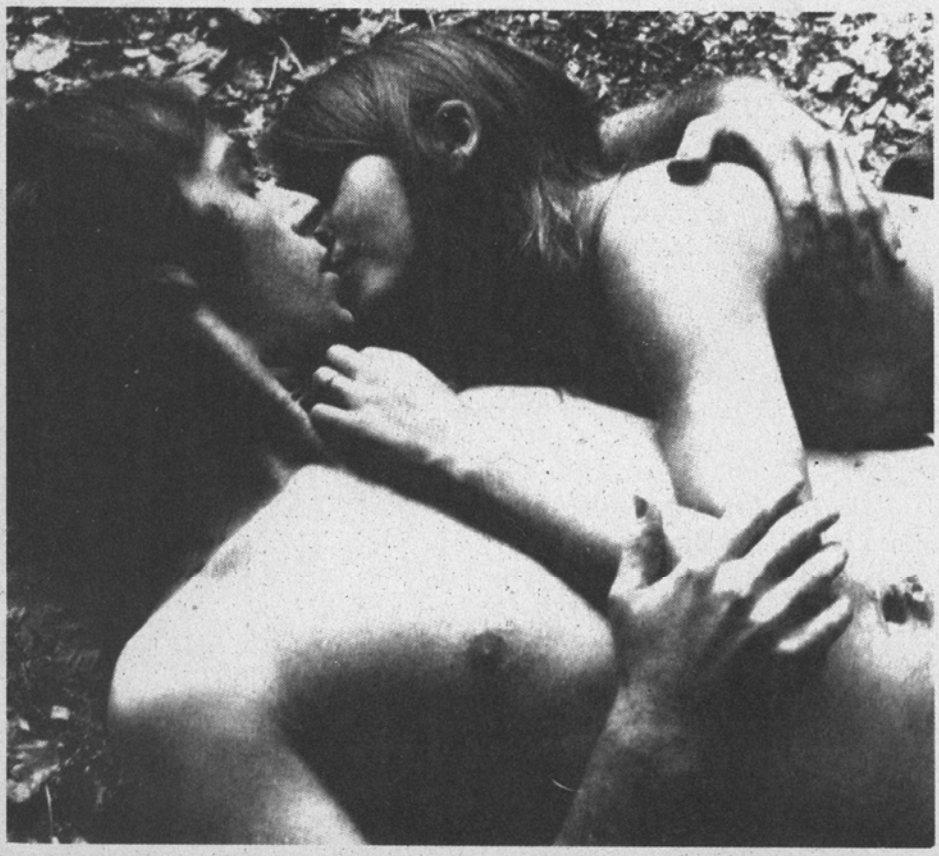
A New York Times critic called "The Harrad Experiment," based on the best-seller about sex-on-campus now in paperback: "A soap opera with frontal nudity."

When the Friars Club gave one of their famous stag dinners at the N.Y. Hilton main ballroom recently, toastmaster Milton Berle (with the high cost of living in mind) said of an elderly star, "He has the only piece of meat that hasn't gone up."

Henny Youngman said of another comic, "He's so cheap he uses wash 'n' wear condons."

A highlight of the Austrian Institute art show was this etching by Norbert Steffek.

Above and below, two typical scenes from "One Brief Summer."



In a Japanese flick shown at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art a chick tells a guy, "Don't kiss my breasts—that's only for my girl lovers."

In his new film, "Sleeper," Woody Allen confides: "My brain is my second favorite organ." Diane Keaton, who plays Woody's chick in "Sleeper," points out that she has taken some advanced university courses (after all, it's the year 2000), "I got a Ph.D. in Oral Sex."

In "Lialeh," pretty Lialeh applies for a cabaret job. "Do you ---- on stage?" brashly asks the producer. "I don't need any bareass dancers!"

An advertising blurb for "One Brief Summer" reads: "Sex in its place—all over the place." And the movie, starring pretty Felicia Gibson, carries out this theme, depicting her sexing with young and old, on wet and dry ground, indoors and outdoors.

Cambist, which give us the freewheeling "Cry Uncle," has come up with a very funny and erotic spoof on advertising and TV commercials, such as "A Bang-A-Day will keep the doctor coming." Another commercial urges: "Send in a piece of your box and receive a free dildo."

"England To Me," with Peter Finch and Michael York, shows many of the Nazis' sadistic, orgiastic acts as well as their penchant for homosexuality. When a millionaire industrialist gives a swank party and a Nazi bigwig puts in an appearance. the host whispers to an aide, "Supply his Excellency with some suitable young company." The aide asks, "Does he like men or women?" Replies the host, "Women—in public, that is."

"1001 Danish Delights" features sexy, long-haired blondes riding bareback, bareass, bare everything; intercourse while galloping wildly through the forest, a naked pair on each mount. "Danish Delights'" naughty guys and gals are caught again and again in the most compromising positions by closed-circuit TV voyeurs. And you watch along with them.

You couldn't get a better introduction to what West Germany has to offer in the way of adult flicks than the trio, "Sex on Wheels," "Sex Report on Vacation," which deals amusingly with various sexcapades of people on holiday, (the lead's a handsome tourist guide who more often than not has to put his pretty charges to bed, too) and "Sunny Sylt and Smart Girls," filmed on the famous German nudist isle of Sylt. If you can't afford to go there yourself, this gives you peek after peek at the most gorgeous gals from all over the world—in the raw, of course.

Something new in LPs is the "Score Yourself Sexual IQ Test," where male and female scorers can really add it all up. Answer sheets and rating guides come with the album. The 100 ultra-frank questions deeply penetrate such subjects as orgasm, foreplay, and oral techniques.

Alexander's unveiled a wall mural of a voluptuous blonde nude at a sewing machine on the main floor of its Lexington Ave. store, in line with its swinging "Tomorrow" fashion image.

In Cinerama's "Your Two Minutes Are Up," two newlyweds are gifted with an electric bun warmer. Sneers a relative, "Great! There's nothing worse for newlyweds than cold buns."

In "Lialeh," sexy Any Mathieu plays a cabaret "door prize."

West Germany sends us this racy scene from "Sex On Wheels."

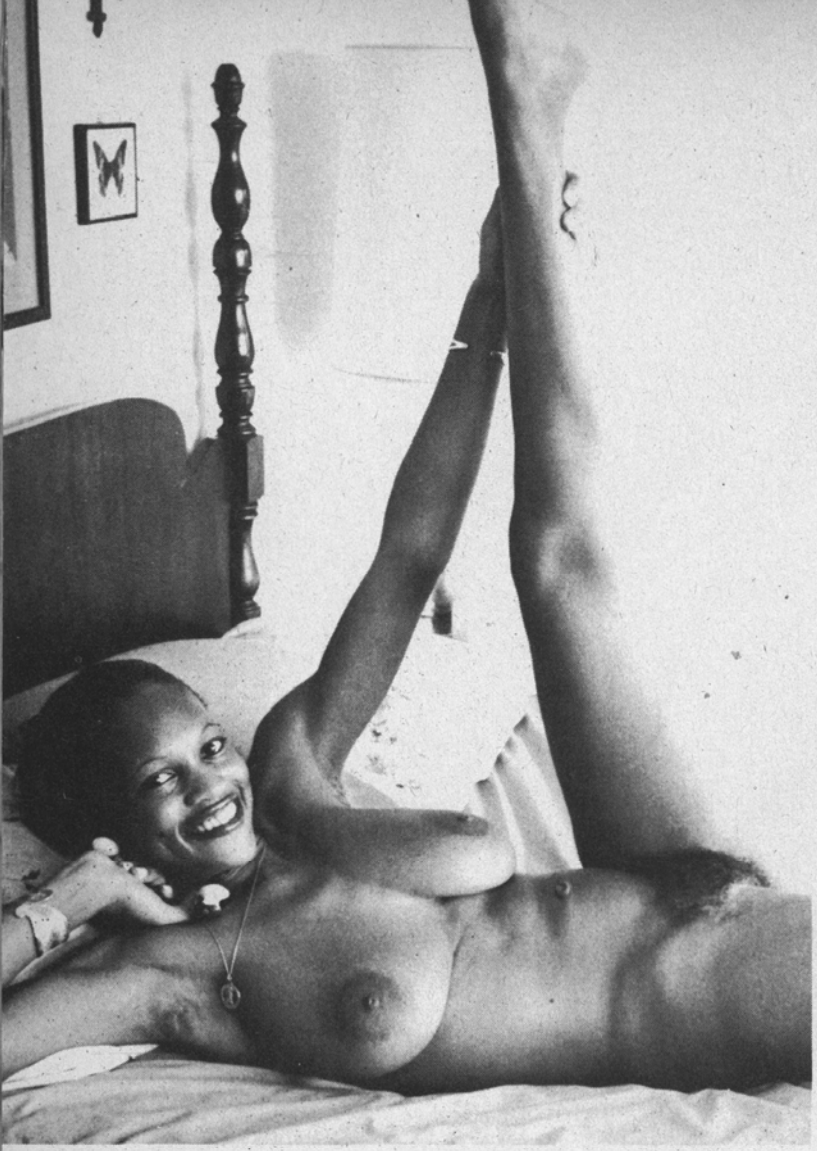
"1001 Danish Delights" advertises this still as "saddle up," and calls the film a "droll in the hay."

DULCY

Fellows, meet Dulcy, a sexational BUF newcomer who has copped critical kudos for her performance in a recent West Coast film

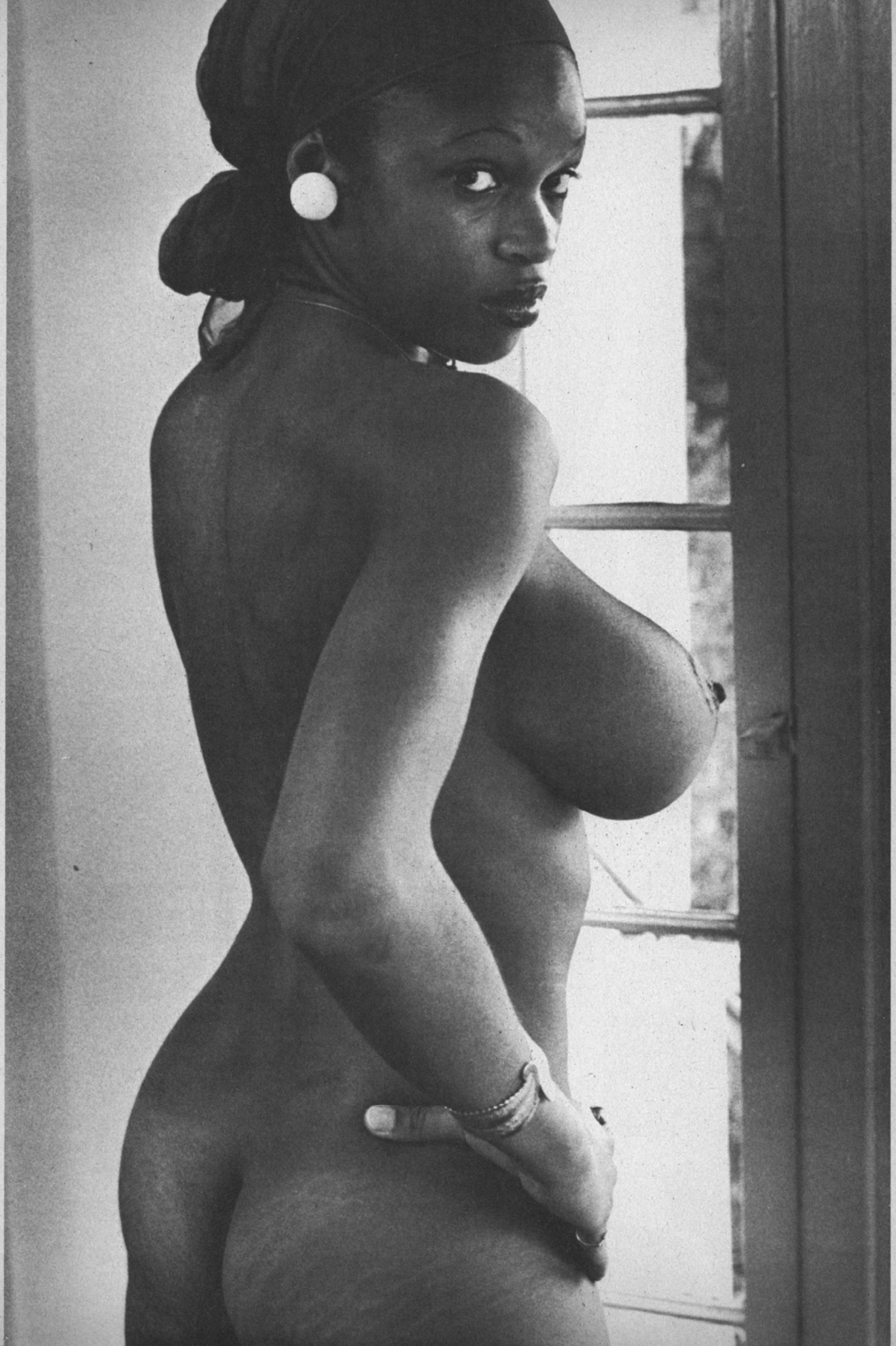
Gem of the Month

extravaganza, and who is looking forward to night club and TV work. When we dropped in at her beach house in San Diego, super-shaped Dulcy and her friends were listening and dancing to the latest recording by The Mighty Jack, the sensational Calypso singer from Trinidad. The tune was a lively topical ditty lamenting the rising price of alcoholic beverages. "He's so sexy," declared Dulcy, as her friends nodded in agreement. "I once travelled two hundred miles to hear him perform, and it was well worth it. His band, the Sheiks of Calypso, are really out of sight. You ought to hear them do 'No Consolation.' Why, it tears your heart out."



Plenty of guys will tear their hearts out over delightful D-cup Dulcy. She's destined to become a major sex symbol for males throughout the globe. And speaking of globes, this sweet-smiling lass possesses a pair that make your eyes pop.

Calypso music is Dulcy's greatest love after acting. Lord Invader, Calypso Rose, and of course, The Mighty Jack are her favorites. Dulcy herself will occasionally lend her dulcet tones to a calypso tune, and with a little encouragement we persuaded her to perform for us. To her own strummed guitar ac-



companiment she rendered a song about Bing Crosby, originally recorded by The Lion back in the thirties. "I've always wanted to get a band together, but I've never had the chance until now," Dulcy said. "A bunch of musicians I've met out here seem interested, and I think we'll start getting it together soon."

Dulcy sang a calypso song about voodoo and we asked if she were interested in the subject. She seemed hesitant to spill the beans, but we can tell you this—she doesn't have to rely on the occult to cast a spell. Her fabulous feminine charms will do it every time. Here's to a belle who is really swell. □

Welcome back Boyd of Paradise, who may be the world's smallest private eye, but plenty big where it counts

FILE UNDER "M" FOR MIDGET

by Bill Maury

I wouldn't say that I was exactly sitting on top of the world. What I was doing was sitting perched atop two Los Angeles phone books I put on my seat behind my badly scarred desk. I knew some people put on airs. I don't. I put on a few inches. Especially when I'm about to meet a new client. I don't usually behave in this ploy even though if there's one guy in the world who can use a few inches, it's me—Boyd of Paradise. Boyd is my name. Paradise is the place of residence, Paradise Gardens, that is, just hanging on the edge of L.A. before it drops into the ocean. Private Investigation is my game. And it's a tough game. Maybe I should have quit a while back when I was ahead. Right now I'm playing catch-up detective work, hoping to make a score. That could happen any moment now because one Miss Esmerelda Snashley was calling on me promptly at 11 a.m. She sounded eager to hire me. Someone had put in a good word for me and she made the call. It was five minutes to 11 and the door opened.

"Mr. Boyd?"

"Right the first time."

"I'm Esmerelda Snashley."

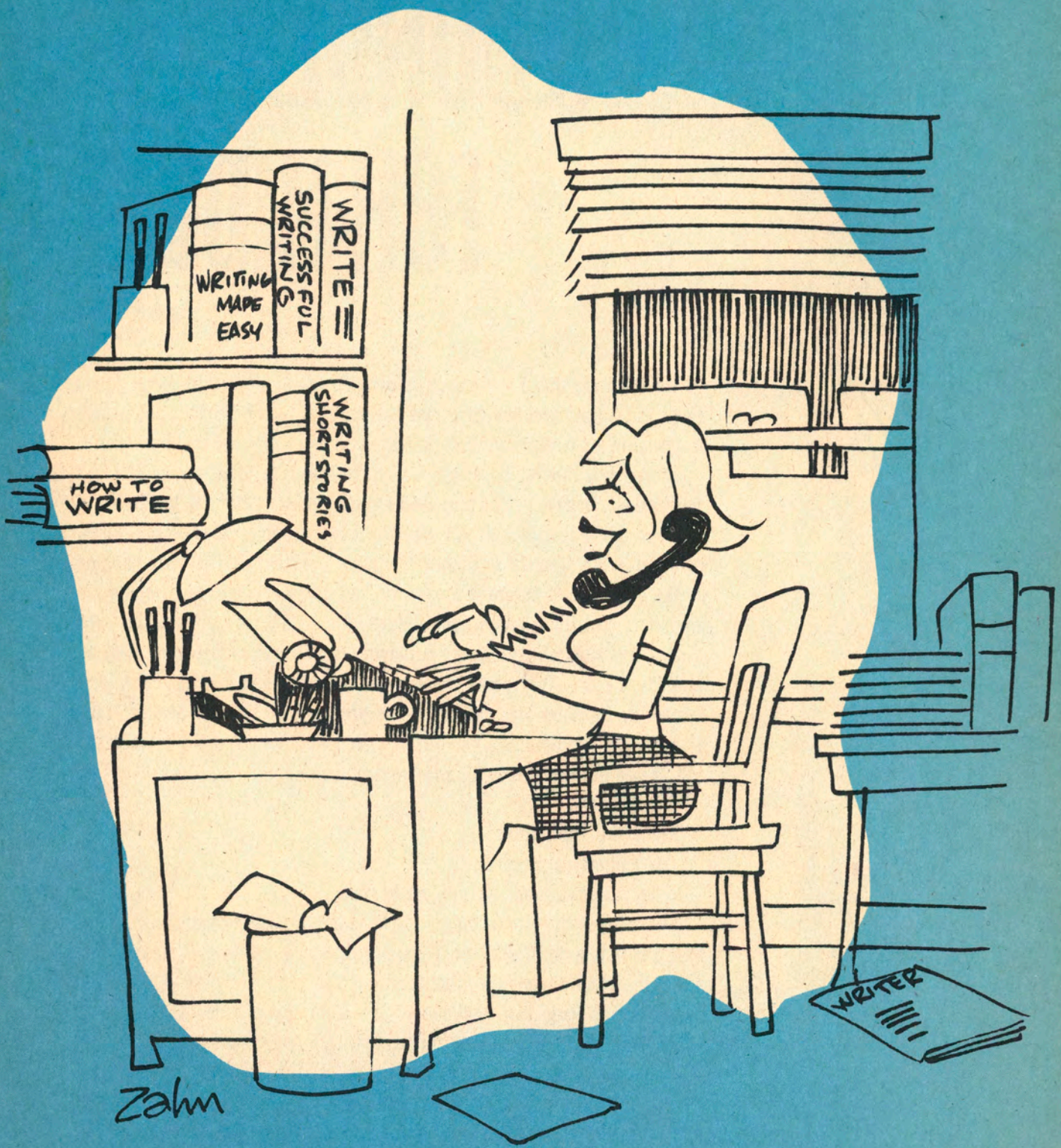
On her it looked good . . . well, pretty good.

She had eyes the size of ping pong balls and breasts to match . . . make that tiny tennis balls, perhaps. I just say that as a measure of comparison. After all, not all women are winners either. She had a frizzy top of burnt red hair and was long, lean and lanky. She wore those ballooning jodhpurs which did nothing to enhance her femininity. I don't want to see a woman in riding breeches. Especially at 11 a.m.

"Yes, you called," I said. "How can I help?" I leaned back in my swivel rocker, almost causing the two phone books to slide out from under me.

"I want you to steal something for me." She paused, waiting for my reaction. There was none. Things had been slow lately. I was ready to listen to anything but a request for a hit job.

continued on next page



"Then you would rip off my bra . . . yes . . . yes . . . go on!"

"What do you have in mind?"

"Records. From files. Of a crook and a phony real estate developer."

"You know the nicest people. Fill me in."

She did. A man named Everett Brent was a contractor that she suspected of tampering with the important voting member of the city council of Chatsworth, a small place a few miles north of L.A. Brent wanted to put up a chemical plant on a sylvan setting now used as a tree-filled, pool-laden playground for kids and a resting spot for the elderly. Earlier voting had ended in a 2-2 tie. The new vote was coming up this coming week. Miss Snashley thought that Brent was about to bribe, or already had bribed, a man named Judge Stanton Finley, the pivotal man on the council, who had abstained during the last vote.

"I think Brent has paid Finley off to vote his way when we meet Thursday," is the way she said it. She blinked those fried eggs at me, sending off a touch of sex despite her horsey get-up and a face that would never win any Miss Universe contests.

"So?" That was my comeback. Look, I can't come up with gems all the time.

"Mr. Brent is moving into a new office just off Main Street in Chatsworth. He's moving his files and desks and everything. I know he must have records of his dealings with Judge Finley. You steal those for me and I'll be eternally grateful." She leaned closer. Nice perfume.

"That's a long time. Why can't I take a peek at the files and grab a few photos? That's the same thing."

She thought that over. "Yes. That would be just as good."

"Breaking and entering is one thing," I told her. "Theft is another."

She bit her lip and somehow it was a pretty gesture. "If you could only see that lovely setting up there and the fun people have there. And they'll destroy it all, bring in bulldozers, earth-movers and pollute the whole area." She accompanied her plea with some movements apparently designed to simulate bulldozers and earth-movers. To me it looked like an overture to a series of obscene gestures. But I let it pass. "Oh," she wailed, "it's ecological homicide."

"We can't murder our great outdoors, can we?" I sympathized. "One hundred a day plus expenses." She thought a moment.

"I can handle that," she said.

"Fine." I bounded down off my phone books to my filing cabinet for the proper papers. Those ping pong eyes almost popped as she caught my size for the first time. I'm what they called a midget in some circles. People do react funny the first time they see me. I look like I might be doing a commercial for cigarettes or something. She managed to keep from commenting as we got through the names, assignment, pay data.

"Please, though, no violence," she said.

"Miss Snashley," I said, "I wouldn't stoop that low."

She laughed. Warm. She was getting to me. I began to wonder what her legs were like under those flaring twills. Well, maybe later. Now to work.

Brent's new office on Main Street in Chatsworth was one of those rambling three-story brick jobs filled with business-type people. I got there about 7 p.m. to look around. He was in Room 203, second floor. I sauntered about like a building inspector. Most average-size private eyes can pass themselves off as regular cops if they're in a pinch. But when you get a guy like me under 4 feet tall, I just can't use that gimmick. I look like the recreation director for Snow White's Seven Dwarfs.

When I stopped at Room 203, I saw a big, white-haired guy just locking up. He was with a curvey secretary that was pushing 40—through her sweater, that is. I managed to sneak a peek into the room before he closed the door. There were various pieces of furniture strewn around. Apparently they hadn't settled in yet. Okay. I'll be back. There was too much activity around. Another hour or so and most of the workers would have gone home.

I went to a bar called "Fatty's Harbor" and vaulted onto a stool.

"A beer," I told the bartender who was trying not to make me self-conscious. "A short one." He blinked but said nothing.

I checked out my miniature camera which I had slipped into my jacket. I never carry a gun unless I think I'm going to need one. Tonight I didn't think I would. It seemed like a simple task. Brent, a rich developer, paying off a payoff-able judge. Brent wants a factory where trees now stand. Industry vs. Ecology. Business vs. Nature. All I had to do was get the proof in pictures that Brent actually was greasing the palm of Judge Finley. Easy enough. I had another beer and walked out into the thickening twilight.

It was about 7:30. The offices in the building were just about empty, a light shining here and there, a typewriter clacking down the hall from Brent's place at 203. It took me about 25 seconds to jimmy open the lock on his door. It was still light enough to see so I kept my pen light in my pocket. The filing cabinet filled to overflowing was against one wall. Next to it was another four-drawer job. This one was completely empty. Apparently Brent was in the process of transferring his records from one to the other or just thinning out the heavy folders to make his secretary's life a bit easier.

What do you look under? Certainly not P for pay-offs. It had to be either Finley or possibly there was a code name for the project. If there was, Miss Snashley hadn't told me. Well, it would take some time. I climbed a chair and started with A in

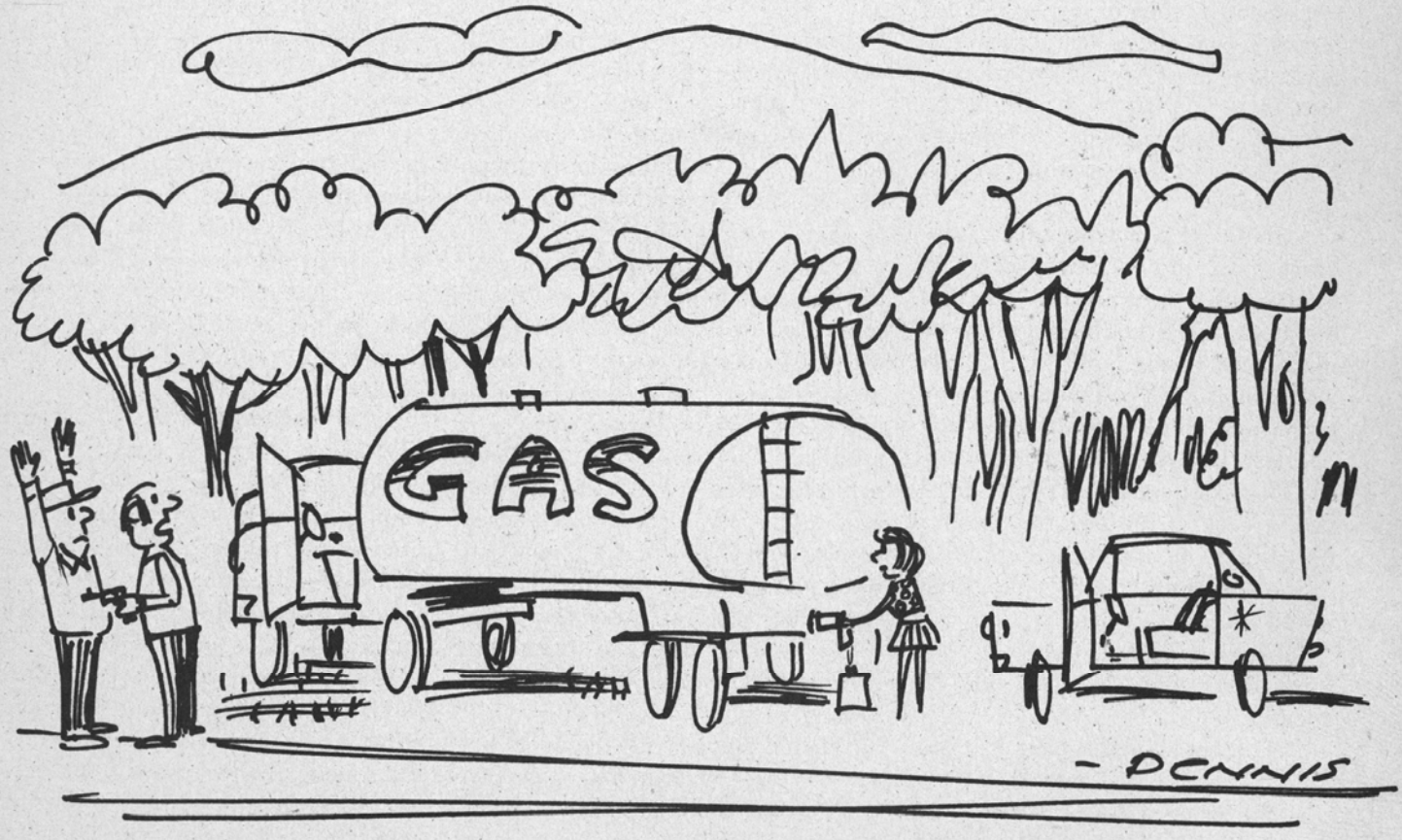
(*continued on page 66*)

GETTING GASSED

by DENNIS

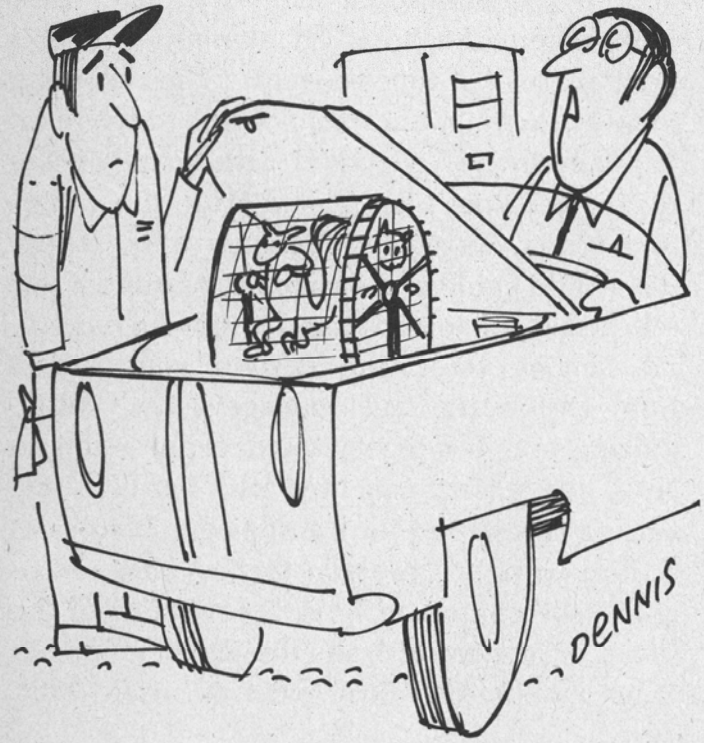
Ed. Note: As we are preparing this issue, the energy crisis is still with us and our cartoon report shows that oil is not well

"Legally, I suppose the gas belongs to his widow."

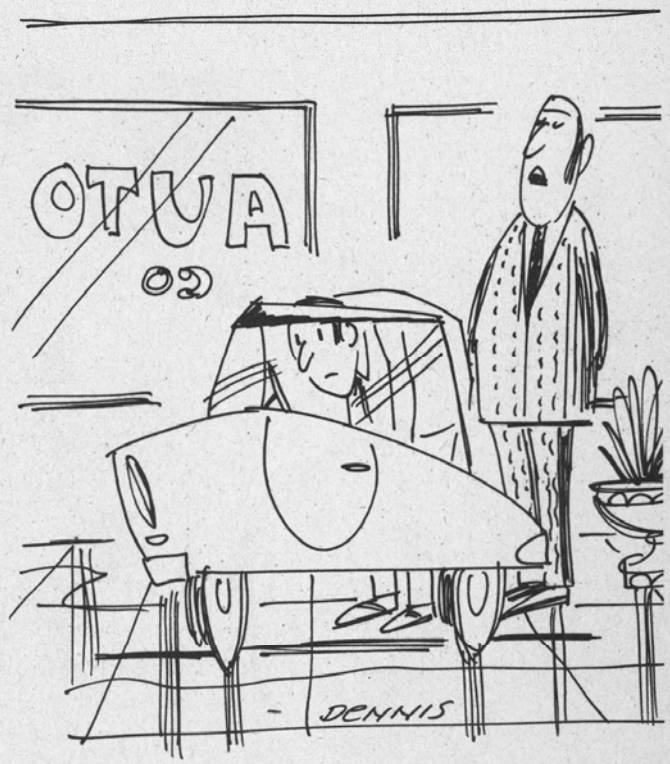


"Hurry it up, sweetheart!"

"This is a sun-powered car . . . and we're out of sun!"



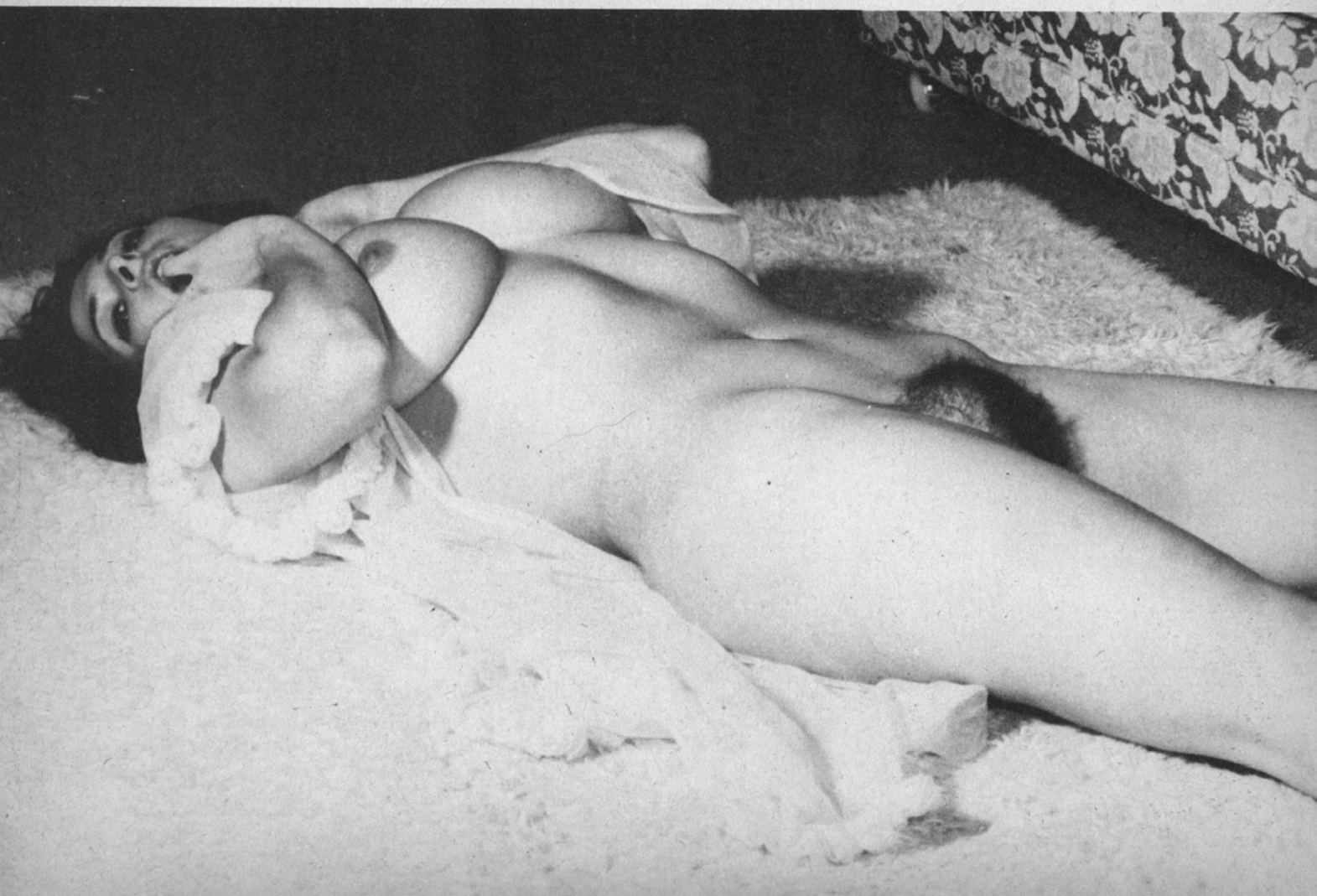
"No gas or oil . . . just put in two bags of peanuts."



"It's the smallest car we sell . . . the motor is in the glove compartment."

ELLEN

Ellen is a gal who's making big waves in the broadcasting world. After working for several years as a recording engineer at one of the West Coast's largest record companies, she's "gone underground" and is currently working at a listener-sponsored radio station in New York, where she hosts an all-night women's program several times a week. "The recording job was exciting, but I got the itch to move on to other things. I worked with some of the really big names like Canned Fruit, the glitter-rock group, and Vague Reliques of Sensation, the avante-garde jazz ensemble. At quite a few rehearsals, she joined in and displayed a pretty fair singing voice. But despite many offers from producers and managers our sultry-looking siren has repeatedly declined offers to enter the entertainment world herself. "My singing is reserved for the shower," Ellen said. "I find work at the radio station very rewarding," she continued." I've learned lots of the tricks of the trade from the chief engineer, Peter Zango. He's just great to work with.



We've been going steady for several months now. He and I are co-producing a series on the Women's Movement in Levittown."

In her spare time, Ellen has been studying television techniques and hopes to be doing a cable TV show next year. "There's so little of value on the air today," Ellen said. "A counter-culture TV network is really needed." If all goes well, New Yorkers will be able to catch sensuous Ellen on cable TV next year. On the radio or the tube, this media mama makes a hit every time. □

"Looking for a ball?"

A FISHY COMPUTER

by Joseph Brown

Jim Lane, an inventor, was trying to sell his new and what he claimed was a totally infallible computer to a youthful businessman. Jim suggested that the skeptical young client ask the computer any question he would like on any subject, and that the correct answer would prove the machine's amazing ability to always be right.

The young executive sat down at the computer and asked his query: "Where is my father?"

The machine quickly printed out the reply: "Your father is fishing in California."

"This phony machine is no good; it's all wrong," sneered the prospective customer. "My father has been dead for twenty years."

Jim Lane was certain that his invention was infallible, so he suggested, "Why not ask the same question in a new and different wording?"

The businessman agreed to do this, just to humor Jim, but said he was positive the machine was worthless. He thought for a moment about how to reword his previous question, and then quickly typed into the computer: "Where is my mother's husband?" . . . and the mechanical brain answered at once with: "Your mother's husband has been dead for twenty years—but your father has just caught a four-pound trout." □

Therapist helps blind and deaf children improve their sensory perception.

"I help blind kids see with their fingers. I help deaf kids hear with their hands."

A health professional talks about her career:

"I'm a therapist.

"I love working with kids. Each one you see here is either blind or deaf.

"I guess you could say I'm pretty lucky—getting paid to put my talent to work helping other people.

"Well—it's not that simple.

"It took a lot of real effort to learn my job. But *to me*, it's worth it. There are more than 200 different careers in the health field. Some take years to learn. Some just a few months.

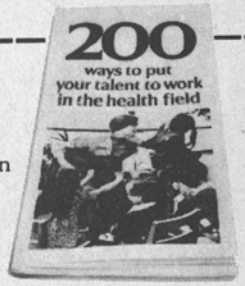
"But for all of them you need lots of patience, dedication, and *love*."

Free Health Careers Booklet

Our new booklet, "200 Ways to Put Your Talent to Work in the Health Field," will tell you about the many different careers available.

Careers for all kinds of people, with all kinds of interests, talents, and backgrounds.

Send the coupon.



Mail to:
The National
Health Council
Box 40
Radio City Station
New York, N.Y.
10019

Name_____

Address_____

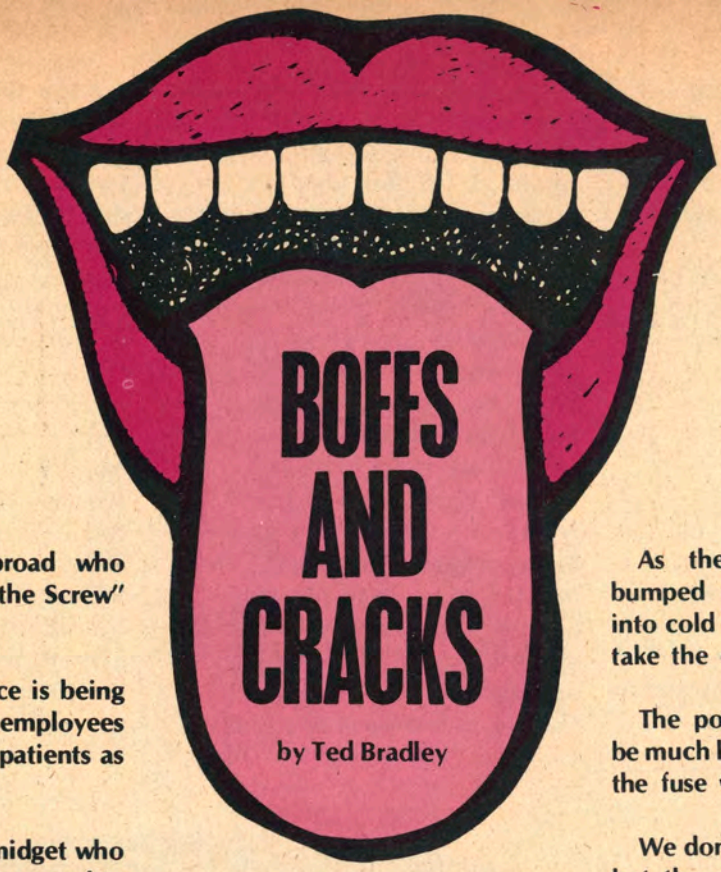
City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Put your talent to work in the health field.

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council

Ad Council



BOFFS AND CRACKS

by Ted Bradley

We know a dumb broad who thinks the book "Turn of the Screw" is a sex manual.

The Watergate influence is being felt all over. Hospital employees now refer to constipated patients as "The Enema List."

Hear about the drunk midget who walked into the house for naughty girls and kissed everybody in the joint?

Elmer the Erotic Electrician elucidates, "Plugging a male prong into a female receptacle while bare of insulation is a good way to get a hot poke."

"Tell me, Donald," the elderly schoolmarm inquired of one of her fifth-grade students, "if you started with twenty dollars and gave seven of them to Gloria, five to Ruth and eight to Brenda, what would you then have?"

"A ball!" answered Donald.

A new potency pill developed for men has only one drawback . . . if it's swallowed too slowly, the user winds up with a stiff neck.

Now there's a credit card for bordellos. It's put out by American Sexpress.

It was an alarm clock love affair. She often went off before he could get up.

Celibacy is all right, if practiced in moderation.

Then there was the college girl who was expelled from school for having a record player in her room . . . the local disc jockey.

A ravishing professional girl of our acquaintance gets a grand and glorious feeling whenever a man makes love to her . . . but the grand always comes first.

"I love the way you make love," she murmured, "it cleans me all up for my next date."

If you take a shine to light humor, reflect on the fact that babes with big bulbs get watts of attention.

As the whale said when he bumped the submarine, "I've run into cold fish before, but baby, you take the cake!"

The population explosion would be much less of a problem, if setting the fuse wasn't so much fun.

We don't know who invented sex, but there are girls on every street collecting royalties on the patent.

Then there was the undersexed astronaut. He couldn't blast off without a countdown.

There's only one thing from which you can take any number of pieces and still have a whole left.

To a woman, the heartbreak of old age isn't wrinkles or arthritis. It's remembering the times she wouldn't allow what she now can't even get.

TRUE LOVE . . . when she'll go to bed with you right after she's had her hair done.

The best way for a wife to get her husband to give up golf is to grab his club every day.

In China there's a combination opium den and bordello. It's called, "The Poppycock."

He chased a cutie up a tree and kissed her between the limbs.

A really stiff drink will not only loosen a woman's tongue . . . it'll unfasten her brassiere.

THE PROFESSOR'S CAPER

continued from page 20

"This is Bruno Altezza. I heard of your accident in the local radio. Are you O.K.?"

"Yes, I am O.K. They are fixing the car now."

"You have the money with you."

"Yes, I do."

"Good, then. We will be still waiting for you this side of the border. Same place."

"I'll be there."

Professor Hogart hangs up the telephone quickly, grateful that no more questions were asked. His hands are sweaty, and his mouth dried, but a thought is confronting him: "Whoever called apparently doesn't know Mr. Bottino personally. And the ones expecting the money are on the Italian side of the border. I am safe."

When the man from the garage comes to tell him that his car is ready, the Professor promptly pays for his services and tips everyone handsomely. Immediately afterwards, placing the suitcase in the front seat of the car, he starts the motor and heads for the center of town. Once he arrives there, he parks the car in a lateral street, takes the suitcase and walks to the main street to catch a bus back to Zurich.

Half an hour later he is passing by the place where his car had plunged into the river. From the window of his bus, the Professor can see the workers already repairing the rail and sanding the oil spill. "Down there in the bottom of that river is my car" the Professor says to himself.

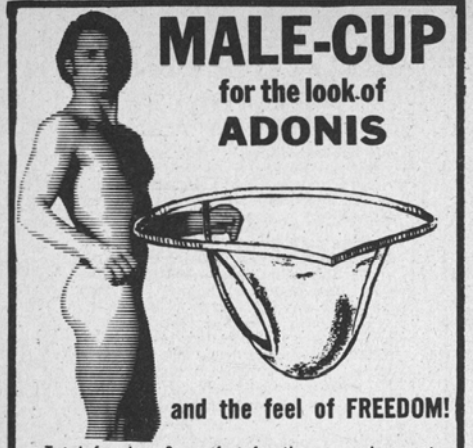
Then the thought that possibly Mr. Bottino is down there also doesn't make him feel too comfortable. But in the next two days, the Professor is so busy opening secret numbered accounts in the banks of Zurich that he manages to overcome the moral problems troubling him.

His wife is surprised to see him come back from Europe so soon and without his car. The Professor tells her the loss of his car, in a traffic accident, is the reason for his early return. He doesn't mention anything about money deposited in banks in Switzerland, nor that he is carrying $10,000 on his person.

Every morning after his arrival, the Professor goes through several newspapers hoping to find a mention of the incident in Switzerland. Then

"Remember how troubled I was with the hereafter?"

MALE-CUP
for the look of
ADONIS



and the feel of FREEDOM!

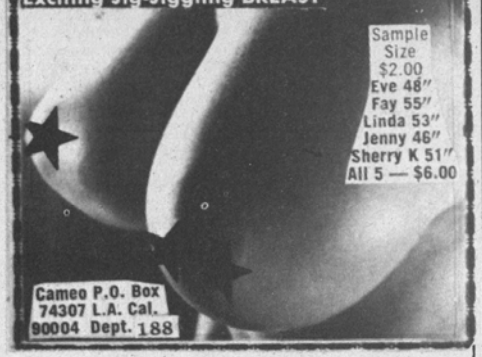
Total freedom & comfort for the man who wants more than just underwear! A carefully designed & constructed soft NYLON JERSEY cup that will give you complete confidence and gentle, but firm, support. No binding, no riding up! QUICK WASH, DRIES IN MINUTES. Great for sports or everyday wear. Looks great, feels great, with an appeal for all ages. Once you wear "MALE-CUP" you'll never go back to old fashioned underwear again. White, Blue & Nude in each set. Fits sizes 26 to 38 waist.

SET OF THREE ONLY $4.99

Add 50c for postage & handling plus 5% sales tax. For C.O.D. send $2.00 deposit & pay postman balance on delivery.

PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY AND SEND TO:
REGENCY SQUARE, INC. Div. M-9374
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

GIGANTIC TITILLATING TITS! BOUNCING
Exciting Jig-Jiggling BREAST



Sample Size $2.00
Eve 48"
Fay 55"
Linda 53"
Jenny 46"
Sherry K 51"
All 5 — $6.00

Cameo P.O. Box 74307 L.A. Cal. 90004 Dept. 188

5" HIGH HEELS

Not "Nearly" 5", but a Full 5" Heel. Complete range of styles, leathers and colors in shoes & boots to size 14. Chunky heels & platforms, too.

NEW FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG $2.00

MONIQUE, Dept. 3357
Box 85151, Hollywood, Ca. 90072

COLOR ACTION STAGS!

USED FILM SALE

All films GUARANTEED in good condition
Receive 6 different color shows
Plus special two girl surprise bonus

ALL FOR ONLY $20.00

EXCHANGE SERVICE
Box 2666, Van Nuys, Calif. 91401

FULL COLOR ALL ADULT EXPERTLY PHOTOGRAPHED

SWEDISH STYLE ACTION MAGAZINES

only $1 ea. or ALL 3 for $2

64 LARGE PAGES

Reg. $5 ea. in EUROPE

CAL CO., BOX 35186, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90035

BONDAGE!

Bondage pictures, devices, and correspondence club. See—meet nude slave women! For club magazine and photo-illustrated brochures, send $3.00 to: KARAVAL, Box 35719, Houston, Texas 77035 Dept. G

DISCIPLINE DEVOTEES

Personal Ads from Spanking Swingers in all areas. Dominant women interested in B&D & S&M want to meet YOU!

Sample Copy of Discipline Devotees Magazine, $3.00

WENDYS, Dept. 3377
Box 85111, Los Angeles, Ca. 90072

BUY BELOW WHOLESALE!

OUR PRICES WON'T BE BEAT!

GET THIS FANTASTIC SAMPLE KIT TODAY!

BUY ADULT MOVIES DIRECT!

AND SAVE BIG MONEY ON HUNDREDS OF THE MOST EROTIC 200' 8mm FILMS AVAILABLE. FOR LATEST WHOLESALE CATALOG AND SAMPLE KIT CONTAINING 5 DIFFERENT FILMS SEND $5.00 TO:

CATALOG ONLY $1

C & W WHOLESALERS, BOX 85417, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

BACK SHOTS!

Bottoms Up photos of fat fannys.
20 4x5 GLOSSIES ..... $ 5.00
40 DIFFERENT 9.00
100 ALL DIFFERENT 20.00

8mm 50' Films of
Big Bare Bottoms, bending, etc.
1 EXCITING 50' FILM ..... $ 4.00
3 DIFFERENT FILMS 10.00
SAMPLES & BROCHURE 1.00

RENEE, Dept. 3307
Box 2804, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

the "ZINGER*" is guaranteed to make her HOT!

3 for $1.00 — 3 for $1.00

IF DIRECTIONS FOLLOWED EXACTLY!

*A NOVELTY ITEM ONLY

PROTEX ENT., DEPT 9374
6311 YUCCA ST.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Little Me

. . . Is just dyin' to get to know you, but I can't unless you write me first. I'm only 23, but really stacked (38-22-36) and I'm hoping to meet lots of new and exciting men this way. So when you write, enclose $2.00 and I'll send you some pictures of myself that I had made up especially for this occasion. You gotta be 21, though. I'm Eileen Kelly . . .

P.O. Box 179-E-110 Newark, Ohio 43055

Free Catalogs!

The latest (1974) and most complete full-color catalogs anywhere (two dollar value) plus our many brochures. Over a thousand items. **Everything** pertaining to sex including the newest in marital aids, electric devices and sound films. Please send 50¢ for postage and signed age statement (21 plus).

NEW WORLD, Box 100, FDR Station, NYC 10022, Dept. F.

BIG BOOBS

NICE LEGS

Color 200 Reel $18.00 — B/W $10.00
Sample $2.00 — Photos $5.00

UNIQUE, Dept. J7
P.O. Box 85037, Los Angeles, Ca. 90028

No one else can give us what you can.

(Join Us. Please.)

Nobody else in the world can give us what you can. A pint of your blood.

And your gift has never been more important. Because blood from healthy donors, who freely donate their blood, is *10 times less likely* to cause infectious hepatitis in the recipient than is blood from many commercial sources. Think about that.

The need is urgent, and continuous.

Help us.
Join us. Today.

The American Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.

Ad Council A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council

IMPORTED
LOCK BLADE STILETTO

- 9" Overall Length
- 5" When Closed
- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

Flips open instantly and locks automatically to prevent accidental closing. Razor sharp tough stainless steel blade for reliable use and hard, long service. Money back in 5 days if not satisfied. Send $2.75 plus 25¢ to cover postage and handling

ONLY $2.75

ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.
Dept. 154ST28
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

SHOT THROUGH ONE-WAY MIRROR

CAT HOUSE CANDIDS
Caught by Camera In-The-Act!

Rare, from private collection! Secretly-photographed in Nevada, where prostitution's legal. Frantic sex-action, uncensored, unposed. Bizarre, "deviant", amusing! Sample photos, $1; Photos plus Big 8mm Film, only $5. STATE AGE, NO MINORS!
PAD PRODUCTIONS, DEPT. 188
P.O. BOX 38401, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90038

HOW TO GET THE
REAL THING in STAG FILMS

We contend that the individual has the right to choose for himself, that material which affords him personal pleasure and satisfaction--despite the censorship tactics of organized pressure-groups.

We have perfected an ingenious "No Risk" Plan that assures your receiving the rare and prized Stag Films others CANNOT offer—from little known and discreet suppliers. We do not ship but arrange all confidential details. Let us prove that only we have the connections you've long been seeking! Send now for free film strip and referral details. Allow 2 weeks for delivery. (Enclose $1.00 for postage, special handling.)
POSITIVELY NO DEALINGS WITH MINORS!

International Exchange
1001 Glendale Blvd., (Dept 188
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90026

---

60 lbs. of JIGGLIN' JUGS

FORGET MEASUREMENTS! 12 OF THE BIGGEST EVER!
8mm FILM or PHOTOS $10.00
ADULTS ONLY
Worldwide · Box 1046-CX · L.A., Co. 90028

---

asfm

SWINGERS

Liberated singles & couples meet each other quickly yet discreetly via ASFM. **Only telephone & correspondence** club of its kind. Estab. 1967. Members in 50 States + Canada. Call (213) 654-4336 or send $1 for information & sample listings.
AMERICAN SEXUAL FREEDOM MOVEMENT, Dept. BR-353
8235 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046

CORSET FILMS
8mm 100' .....$6.00 Ea.

☐ 1. Wasp Corset & Discipline Collar
☐ 2. Corset & Punisment Helmet

BOTH FILMS 8MM 200' ONLY..... $10
100 PAGE BONDAGE CATALOG..... $5

CAPRICE, Dept. 3347
Box 27655, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027

---

10 FREE SEX BOOKS

Guaranteed to be Full Length — THIS IS NO GIMIC
Send $2.00 to cover Postage and Handling
CR SALES — 6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood, Calif. 90028 Dept. 0000

STRIP TEASE FILMS

Like Big Tits and Hefty Hips? Buy this bargain package.
Full 200' 8mm .....$8.00 Ea.

☐ Sandy Jones — Huge Tits
☐ Pat Day — Shaved front
☐ Sunny — Leaves on hose

ALL 3 FILMS ONLY $20.00

PHOTRIX, Dept. CC7
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca 90028

---

100 DIRTIEST BOOKS IN THE WORLD

THE BEST from the GREATEST SEX BOOKS IN THE WORLD NOW in one HARD COVER BOOK. FULLY ILLUSTRATED. Every act imaginable between men and women, men and men, women and women, described and illustrated. A TRUE COLLECTORS ITEM. Cannot be bought on newsstands. This book has taken one year to prepare — there is no other book like it in the world!

Send $5.00 plus 50¢ for handling to:
STUDIO ONE
6311 Yucca St., Dept 9374 Hollywood, Ca. 90028

SEX DOLL

You can actually 'do it' with the new, life-like inflatable **BARBY** doll. Genuine, realistic 37-23-36 bundle of passion who'll never say No! She's got the 'real thing' down below, 8 in. deep. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. BARBY doll, $24.95, or order special **DEEP THROAT** doll & 'get it' both ways: $39.95. Packet of 'Orgy Jell' incl. free. (Or $1 for cat., refunded if you buy). YOU MUST STATE YOUR AGE.

OSO ENT.—Box 2988—FM-138
Culver City, Calif. 90230

DOLL SIMULATED

'MAN HUNGRY WOMEN

Name & address lists of women openly looking for men to love them. Up to 100 per list, each list different area. Includes description, often phone. Constantly revised & updated with new listings. $5 brings list for your area — or send stamped, addressed bus. size env. for area breakdown & fact sheet. **PERSONALITY PLUS, Dept.** P-1485
P.O. Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413

---

200 feet. FULL LENGTH ADULT FLICKS

"ACTION GROUP"...$3
"2 TO TANGO".....$3
"HOT BOX".....$3

ALL 3 ONLY $7
Must be 21

VOLUME SALES • BOX 38516-CX • HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90038

---

10 SIZZLING SCENES FROM HOT ACTION FLICKS

COMPLETE FILM OR 16 GIANT PHOTOS $3.00
ADULTS ONLY

WAREHOUSE LIQUIDATORS
BOX 3840-CX HOLLYWOOD, CA. 90028

ABSOLUTELY FREE 3 MOVIES!

— WE JUST WANT YOU TO SEE AND READ OUR BROCHURES!... HURRY!
ENCLOSE $1 POSTAGE & HANDLING
TANA CO., BOX 85051, DEPT. 0000
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072
YES, IT'S TRUE...GUARANTEED NOT A GIMMICK!

FREE

100's of HOT OFFERS
100's of PHOTOS

FREE IN YOUR MAIL BOX

ADULTS ONLY

$$ SAVE MONEY $$
Answering this ad is better than writing off for all the other stuff in this magazine!!!
$1 POSTAGE & HANDLING

- FILMS
- PHOTOS
- MAGS
- BOOKS
- AIDS
- GAGS

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES INC. 7422-CX MELROSE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046

BLUE BOOKS

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
ALL 3 ONLY $2.
$1 EACH
☐ SWAP CLUB
☐ PASSION SLAVES
☐ BALLING BABES
—ADULTS ONLY—

book service-box 885 lemon grove ca. 92045

GIGANTIC BREASTS

The biggest busted gals ever known.
EACH PART $3.00

☐ 1. Busty Brown
☐ 2. Busty Treat
☐ 3. Virginia Bell
☐ 4. Cherrie Knight

ALL 4, 8mm 200' $10.00
NUPIX, Box 27111, Dept. 3327
Los Angeles, California 90027

New ERECTILE Creme

Never Offered Before ■ Positive Results Guaranteed
■ $5.00 Tube Absolutely FREE
Enclose $2.00 for handling and shipping costs
TIFFANY SALES — Dept. 9374
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
ALL ORDERS RUSHED

---

50 8MM STAG REEL SALE!

SO THAT WE MAY SEND YOU OUR CATALOG
WITH FREE VIEWER $2 EA
"TEASING TINA"
"ALL NIGHT"
"SPANKER'S DELIGHT"
ALL 3 PARTS & FREE VIEWER $5
☐ ☐ ☐

SANTA CO., BOX 85006, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90072

"INSTANT PUSSY"

In keeping with the modern trend towards automation, we have developed a product which we call "Instant Pussy." This, of course, is synthetic and is not designed to replace the original. However, in a pinch, we hope it will prove to be a satisfactory substitute. $1 each; 6 for $5

MARCEL DUVAL, Dept. 9374
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

UNUSUAL, PERSONAL ITEMS FOR YOU AND YOUR PARTNER!

We specialize in finding and supplying those **hard-to-come-by** items most men seek to make sex more thrilling.

Send only $1 (credited against first order) for our fully illustrated catalogs & future offerings.
You must be 21 or over.

L and L Sales, Dept. J74
806 So. Robertson Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90035

on the third day, he finds what he is so anxiously looking for. There is a short item with this heading: MOB BOSS DEAD IN SWITZERLAND. It tells of how Salvatore Bottino, reputed boss of the underworld, was found drowned in a river not far from the Italian border, and how, because his car was found abandoned in the border town, foul play in his death had not been ruled out.

When the Professor finishes reading the article, he is glad that no mention is made of his own car; nevertheless the idea of having money belonging to the underworld doesn't make him too happy. At night he is assaulted by nightmares in which he sees himself chased by gangsters. But one day follows the other and nothing happens. The Professor's confidence comes back, and he is able to resume normal life. He starts buying antiques and seeing Margaret, his mistress, once a week again. Then he is stricken by a paralyzing fear. One day, returning home from classes, he notices a car following his. He has a date with Margaret that very night and on his way to pick her up, he recognizes the same car tailing him. With Margaret by his side, driving like a zombie and his stomach churning with fear, Professor Hogart heads for a motor inn where they usually go.

Once in the room, a sweaty Margaret tries unsuccessfully to arouse the nervous Professor. Finally she gives up.

"What's wrong, Egbert? (We swear that this is the Professor's first name, we did not invent it.) Don't you love me anymore?" she says, both hurt and irritated.

"No, it is not that."

"Then what?"

The Professor can't repress himself anymore and explodes: "We have been followed, damn it!"

"Followed? Why didn't you say that before! Maybe my husband hired a detective to spy on us," says Margaret panicking.

"A detective?" repeats the Professor with certain relief. "Do you think he is capable of that?"

"Oh, yes, he is capable of it."

"Are you sure?"

The Professor is now so ready to believe it that it is difficult for him to hide his happiness.

"I am sure," answers Margaret. "But what are we going to do?"

Well, whatever they are going to do, now is too late. Because, suddenly, the room door opens and a young fellow with fiery eyes and clenched teeth darts in. He shouts: "Professor Hogart! Tell Diana that the fun is over."

Margaret has barely time to hide under the sheets. The naked Professor gets up and places himself between the youth and the bed. With a raised hand trying to stop him, he says: *Diana? What Diana? Have you gone mad, George Porter?"*

"No, I am not mad," answers George Porter.

And then, bypassing the Professor, the young fellow walks to the bed and, like a magician, pulls the sheet from over Margaret with a single sharp tug.

The youth remains looking dumbfounded at the terrified and naked woman. "Oh, excuse me! This is a mistake," he finally mumbles.

"Of course it is a mistake," adds the Professor, taking the sheet from the young fellow's hand and covering the naked body of his mistress. Then, barefooted, after quickly putting on his pants and shirt, he accompanies the youth out of the room.

"George, what's got into you, anyway?" asks the Professor, now feeling very generous because the other was not the gangster he feared.

"It's my girlfriend's fault. She told me you were her lover," answered the youth.

"Do I know her?"

"Yes, she is in your history class, too. Her name is Diana. Diana Larsen.

"Oh, that Diana" says the Professor laughing "Believe me. I've hardly spoken to her."

But surely the Professor remembers little Diana. Sitting there in the first row, good legs, sexy mouth and a pair of lusty, provocative breasts. The Professor is very much aware of her. Maybe he had done some encouraging by resting his eyes on her a little more than customary.

"So, Diana actually pictures me as her lover," the Professor is thinking as he returns inside the room.

Now Professor Hogart, his ego charged, and free of fear, is ready to perform. But there is something he doesn't count on. Margaret is not. "Who is Diana?" she asks suspiciously, as soon as he approaches the bed.

"Oh, she is just one of my students who has a crush on me."

"I don't believe you, Egbert." (Here, that name again.)

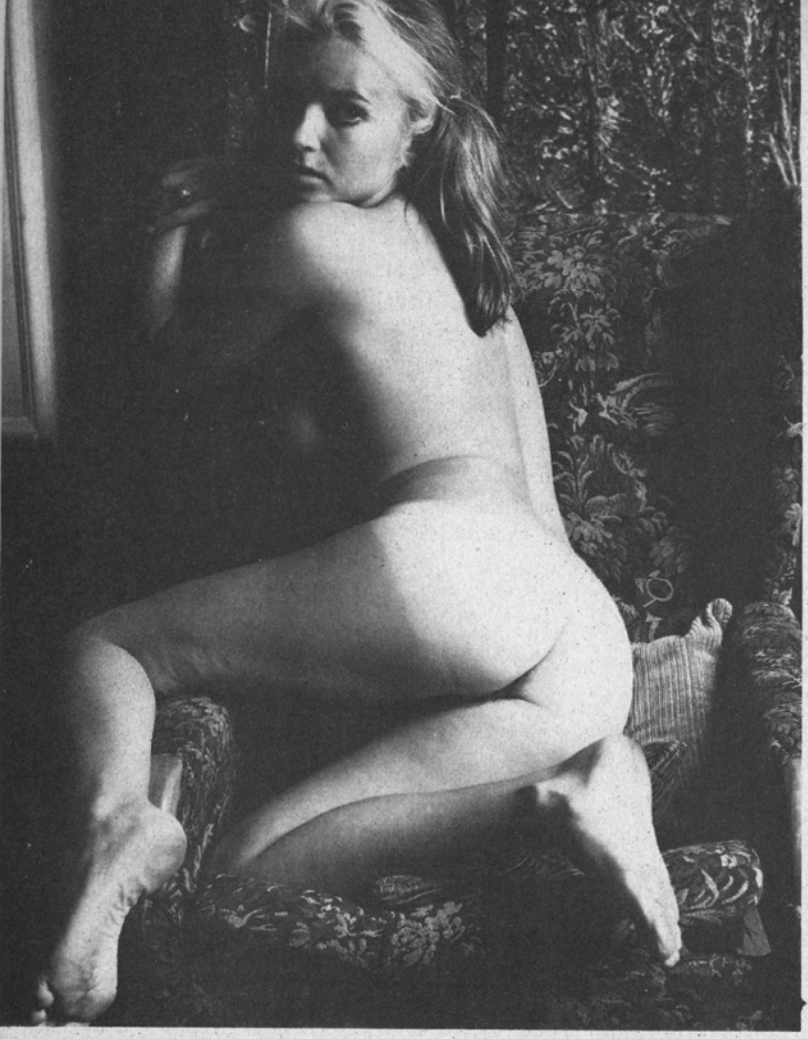
"I swear to you that . . ." the Professor patiently starts to say.

"Please, don't bother. I want to go home," Margaret says stubbornly.

Well, this is a clear example of a woman getting jealous at the wrong time. She was actually, with her attitude, enhancing the image of the other girl in the Professor's mind. Because while he drives back in silence with a sulky Margaret by his side, he is thinking: "Why not Diana? Maybe I should have a talk with the little girl in the morning."

But these are not the only thoughts in the Professor's head, He really has not forgotten the horrible hours he went through that day when he was convinced that the underworld was after him. Now the Professor is seriously entertaining the idea of disappearing from New York. "I have the money to live where I please," he is thinking.

The encounter between the Professor and the provocative Diana does take place the following day. And there is a clash between a college girl's dreams and fantasies, and those of a handsome, rich and persuasive Professor. Well, apparently little Diana had an offer she couldn't refuse. If you say that she and Professor Hogart are hiding and living the good life in Argentina, your guess is as good as mine. One thing is certain . . . they are missing from New York City. □



TOTIE

Fancy footwear is Totie's bag. She supports herself in high style modeling shoes for Italian fashion whiz Smucci (pronounced Smoo-Chee). Being an intimate of the great designer's, she gets to hobnob with biggies from the international jet set at Smucci's world-famous parties. "Just the other month an Italian racing driver and a French film director fought a duel over me. It was very flattering. American men just don't have the flair and old-fashioned sense of gallantry, I guess. I never did find out what happened with that duel, though. While they were having it out, I met this charming Greek composer, what's his name . . . oh, I couldn't pronounce it anyway. Smucci hangs out with the most exciting people. His new yacht, the Gonzo, ought to be finished in another week or so, and there'll be a big bash to celebrate. Gee, I wonder what I'll wear." No matter what this stylish lass wears or doesn't wear, the results are sensational, as these pics reveal.

We asked Totie how she felt about the new

platform shoes. "I got off on them for a while, until I fell off a pair and broke a small bone in my foot. But I had the great surrealist, Singapore Doolah, decorate the cast, so I guess it was worth it in the long run. Smooch designed these platform shoes with detachable miniature plastic fish bowls for heels. I had a goldfish in each one. And, you know, I had to take them off once during a party to feed the fish." Our stomach told us it was time to go feed our face but we didn't want to leave without telling Totie that Smucci could go further with his fish motif for shoes—like using a flounder for the sole. She suggested that we clam up but we said we wanted to go on just for the halibut. She squealed that one more line like that would make her eel. She was still reeling a bit, but she cast us out.

We think you'll agree that Totie is pretty smoochy herself. Although shoes go out of fashion quickly, what this gal has will always be in style as far as we're concerned. □

FILE UNDER "M"

continued from page 47

the top drawer. What the hell, I had all night, or at least until the cleaning people came in.

Nothing under A. Or B. At C I hit pay dirt. It was Cortex Chemical. I snapped a picture of a letter to Judge Finley. Money was mentioned. Another letter. More money talk. A memorandum about the same thing. Miss Snashley was going to whoop with joy. I was about to climb down when I heart a rustling outside the door. Okay, tell me, where do you hide in a situation like that? Then I remembered the empty filing cabinet. I slid the bottom drawer open and climbed in. At times like this it pays to be a midget. Just let Sam Spade try to do this bit.

Imagine Philip Marlowe, Lew Archer or Boston Blackie trying to scrunch up in a filing cabinet drawer. No way. I may be a midget but right now I was head and shoulders above those cats.

Brent talked like I figured, gruff, booming, whiskey-hoarse. The secretary seemed decent enough. They apparently had gone for a bite and he was giving her instructions on some office work to do before the weekend rolled around. Her job—transfer the filing cabinet folders from one file to the other. She would try to get it done in an hour or two. Right, Mr. Brent. Good night, Mr. Brent. Have a nice time, Mr. Brent. The door slammed. The secretary was alone. Except for me.

Well, I just lay there and waited. But I knew it had to happen sooner or later. The luminous dial on my watch told me it was nine. I was actually getting comfortable there. Oh, I supposed I could have kicked out with my feet to slide the door open and dash away, but why cause that kind of commotion? Besides why alarm a working girl. It could be that she would quit working before she got down to my bottom drawer.

But no. It got light suddenly because she slid my drawer open. Of course, I hammed it up a little. I lay on my back with my hands folded in front of me, looking for all the world like a guy on the slab in the local morgue. She saw me and cut loose with one of the great ear-benders of all time. She shrilled one that cut through me like a pygmy dart. Then she did an encore. But by this time I was bounding on my feet. She ran for the door. I knew there was a security guard around somewhere and I wasn't about to be caught and charged with theft and have my license taken away. I chased her and launched a flying tackle when she was about 10 feet from the door. I brought her down and the impetus knocked her forward. She cracked her head on the leg of the sofa and was unconscious before the rest of her hit the floor.

There she was, a leggy blonde with her skirt flung up over her waist, lying prone on the floor with me atop her—when the door opened. Quickly I climbed higher on my knocked out, new-found friend and began going through the motions of applying artificial respiration.

The person at the door was the janitor. He was about to come in apparently as he had his mop and pail with him. He blinked once as he saw me working up and down on the prostrate woman.

"Oh, sorry," he said, "if you two want to be alone." He paused. "Not too lively, is she?" He shook his head. "I had a wife like that once."

"She fainted," I said. "I'm trying to revive her. Artificial respiration." I thought of the old joke. Why give her artificial respiration? I'm rich. Give her the real thing. The janitor

"You told me to get out there and hustle, didn't you!"

got down to his knees to watch me do the "in goes the good air, out goes the bad air routine," as I pushed her ribs up and down in gentle rhythm. "Friend," I asked, as plaintively as possible, "I wonder if you could take over for me. I'm late as it is. I have to deliver a lecture on the evils of drink to the women's temperance league in Encino."

"Glad to," he said, his eyes lighting up when he caught the long limps exposed to the waist.

"Just keep the rhythm going," I told him as I headed for the door.

"Gotcha, mister. And thanks a lot."

What the hell, an old guy's entitled to some dreams. I got to the elevator before I heart the scream from the secretary. Guess any woman would scream if she came to and found a 70-year-old janitor straddling her and pumping up and down. Or any man for that matter. I know I would.

The pictures came out great. Miss Snashley was thrilled. "There's plenty of evidence here to prove collusion." She said she would take the pictures of the correspondence to Brent and to Judge Finley. She called me Friday to say the vote had gone 3-2 in favor of retaining the park. Finley had gone her way. She asked me to come out and look at the beautiful sylvan setting I had helped save. She was actually trembling with the joy that only a tree-lover and shrubbery fan can have when viewing Mother Nature's handiwork. We stood on a hillcock in a forest-like setting overlooking the rolling acres. She wasn't half bad. If it got any darker she wouldn't be bad at all. But damn it all she still had on those jodhpurs. I wondered how I could get her out of those ballooning pants. I might be short in stature, but I'm long on libido.

"Can you imagine what it would be like?" she asked. "Those machines, those bull-dozers, those earth-movers, pushing, and clawing and grinding and bumping around and tearing up all this wonder soil."

Well, I didn't need any ecological lecture right now. I pointed to her pants. "Do you ride?" She gaped, mouth open, a bit stunned. Then. . . .

"You devil," she said. "Sometimes." She took my hand and moved it to her belt bukle. In a moment her jodhpurs were sliding down. I helped them over the hard parts. We were soon lying in a little nesting spot, out of sight, alone in this verdant field I had helped stay alive.

Even as I undressed her she stated almost fanatically: "Those bulldozers, earth movers, that digging and pushing. . . ."

I silenced her with a well-aimed kiss and I began doing my own version of bulldozing and earth-moving and digging and pushing and grinding and bumping . . . a real al fresco frolic.

As they say, keep things as they should be. It's not nice to fool with Mother Nature. ❑

NOT Trick Photography!
See Vivian the 50-34-39 stacked gal EXPOSE every inch, every curve of her beauties who SP-LIT their differences between them and S-P-R-E-A-D their good news to you.
☐ Vivian MOYER 200 ft. Reg. 8mm B&W $14.00
☐ Vivian MOYER 200 ft. Super 8mm B&W .. 15.00
☐ Vivian MOYER 50 ft. Color Reg. 8mm 8.00
☐ Vivian Still PHOTOS $5.00 per set
☐A ☐B Both sets 8.00
Mail all orders to
CAMBRIDGE GROUP
DEPT. SR
P.O. BOX 3311
GRAND CENTRAL STA.
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK
Special 2nd Exciting Film
☐ "Cave Orgy" 100 ft.
☐ B&W $11 ☐ Color $24

Free GIANT 2-COLOR CATALOG
FEATURING EXPLOSIVE REDHEADS
You see fiery redheads and blondes as they don lacy bras, short baby-dolls, sheer negligees; enough to clothe a Harem.
Send today for giant 2-color free catalog. Enclose 25c to cover postage and handling.
Cambridge Group Dept. DG
P.O. Box 3311 Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

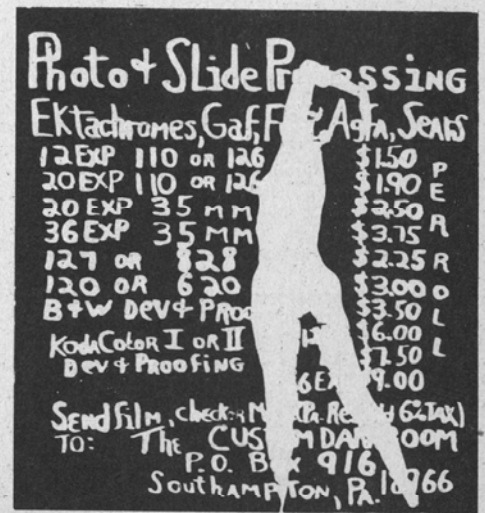


Photo & Slide Processing
Ektachromes, Gaf, Agfa, Sears
12 EXP 110 OR 126 $1.50
20 EXP 110 OR 126 $1.90
20 EXP 35 MM $2.50
36 EXP 35 MM $3.75
127 OR 828 $2.25
120 OR 620 $3.00
B&W DEV & PROOF $3.50
KODACOLOR I OR II $6.00
DEV & PROOFING $2.50
Send film, check or M
TO: The CUS M DARKROOM
P.O. B x 916
Southampton, PA. 18966

MARRIED LIFE GOING DOWN HILL?

NEW! NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED!

MEN!

HALF ALIVE?
HALF A MAN?

MORE VIBRANCY IN 30 MINUTES!

Do you come home Half Alive, Half a Man? Want your arrival to mean a fun-filled evening instead? Try DOUBLE R-5, Anti-Fatigue capsules! Helps you recapture that sense of vigor, mood of confidence.

It's potent with a safe stimulant and packed with nutrient body power! Gives you that "come alive" feeling fast! DOUBLE R-5 sold solely as anti-fatigue stimulant. 30-time pack $4.95; 60, $7.95! Send cash or check to: TYSON, Dept. 9374 7471 Melrose, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

for...
Personal Stimulation
try our unique deep massage units

Cordless, vibrating stimulator that tingles and caresses the skin . . . Especially in those personal areas! You'll be wild about the amazing results. Comes in those two necessary sizes, 4½" and 7". You get both sizes for ONLY

$2.98

P-VIB — Dept. 9374
6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

X-RAY SPECS
An Hilarious Optical Illusion

ONLY $1.25

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine — you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. only $1.25 plus 25¢ shipping charges Money Back Guarantee
HONOR HOUSE DEP154XC28 LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

GREAT VIBS!

#34 10 inches that take away aches & pain as it soothes frustrations & relaxes you. Deep, gentle penetrating action stimulates like nothing else. Operates on C batteries, not included. Completely safe. Deluxe model. 2 for $8.50. $4.88 ea. Add 50¢ rush postage & handling. Cal. residents add 5% sales tax.
FREE! Coupons to use like cash & unusual catalogue of hard to get items! Or send 25¢ for single issue of catalogue
REGENCY SQUARE, DEPT. J-9374
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Cal. 90028

thrill to MUTUAL CLIMAX

MEN! If you climax too fast to please your partner, proven-effective STAY-CREME can help you prolong...last longer...stay and stay! Know the thrills and ecstasies of prolonged, extended, bliss-filled sexual relations with the help of STAY-CREME! (shipped in plain wrapper)
30 day supply $3 60 day supply $5
CENTRAL PRODUCTS, Dept. J74
806 So. Robertson Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90035

Have a Fetish for Fashions?

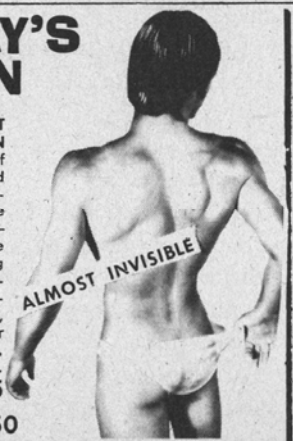
48 pages of Fashions you can buy in custom made dresses, 4, 5, 6" heel shoes, Padded Bras & Laced Corsets available to ladies, gents, & female impersonators. Buy by mail and save embarassing personal contact. Good fit guaranteed.
Illustrated Catalog $3.00
FINE CRAFT, Dept. 3317
Box 442, Hollywood, California 90028

"JEAN'S APARTMENT"

I'm Jean, and just for the heck of it I posed for some photos in my apartment that are real winners. They are unretouched photos and $1.00 will bring you a sample. To give you a hint, I'm 39-23-37, but I'll tell you more when you order. You must be over 21 years old, and I don't accept personal checks.
JEAN WILLIAMS,
P.O. Box 1863-P-116 Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

try one French Tickler
ABSOLUTELY FREE!!!
Send only $1.00 for postage and handling
PROTEX ENTERPRISES — Dept. 9374
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028
SPECIAL LARGE ASSORTMENT FOR ONLY $5.00
GUARANTEED NOT TO BE A GIMIC

TODAY'S MAN



#49 MAN ABOUT TOWN
The coolest brief yet. Super-styled with built-in support for masculine taste in light — almost invisible next-to-nothing Nylon tricot. Definitely for the continental man. Black, White, Helio, Mar Green, Nude. Sizes S-M-L.
$1.95
Three pair ONLY $5.50
Add 50c for mailing. Enclosed is $_____
REGENCY SQUARE Suite N-9374
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Something Different
FOR MEN ONLY!
We can supply a far-out selection of truly unusual SEX GADGETS & UNIQUE DEVICES. Use them for your own pleasure and/or the delight of your partner!
★ Sample assortments only $5 ★
Catalogs $1 (credited against first order)
RARE COMPANY, Dept. J74
806 So. Robertson Blvd., L.A., Calif. 90035

EREKTOBLISS HEARINGS

continued from page 17

works for you invents something, the invention belongs to the company.

I see.

Anyway, I got dressed, took some wieners out of the refrigerator and put them in boiling water long enough to make them, you know, defrost. Soften up. Then I met George at the office. We went into the lab and I began testing that stuff of his—the cream—on those wieners. While I'm smearing it on, George is looking at me as if I've gone bananas.

Bananas?

Yeah. Like I'm nuts.

And what happened then?

In a couple of minutes those wieners got hard as a rock. Now, George is standing there taking it all in, and something about the wieners must've suddenly got to him because then he gets this "Ah *hah!*" look on his face.

What, exactly, is an "Ah *hah!*" look?

Why, it's like when a detective all of a sudden stumbles onto the right clue, or an accountant finally finds the mistake in addition that's been lousing up your check stubs, and they say, "Ah *hah!*" You know—like they just saw the light. So then he sort of smiled and I knew I was sunk, that it was gonna *cost*.

In other words, he had just realized the potential value of his discovery.

Un huh. As soon as I realized what he was thinking I tried to head him off by saying, well, a wiener isn't a living thing, George, and this is gonna take a lot of testing. By this time I was purposely trying to act calm, but it was too late. I suppose he'd noticed the expression on my face when those wieners got hard. So he just kept on smiling and shaking his head when I tried to play down the possibilities. Then he said, "If you want my formula, Mr. Hankins, it'll cost you half a million dollars. Tax free."

He wanted you to buy . . .

Yeah. Half a million *after* taxes. My God! Well, naturally, I started screaming at him. Who wouldn't? I mean, we didn't have that kind of money. So he said, all right, go public.

You mean . . .

Exactly. Issue stock. I told him nobody in his right mind'll buy stock on the basis of an untested product. And he answered very calmly, "That's what you think. This is the greatest chemical discovery ever made, it's gonna give sex back to millions of old men all over the world."

May I interject one comment here, Senator?

What is it, Mr. Reverdy?

I simply wish to point out that my client is just paraphrasing what Mr. *Spinelli* said, not what he himself said or thought then or says or thinks now. His quoting the chemist's remarks should not be construed by this committee, or by members of the press or the general public, as indicating his, that is, Mr. *Hankins'*, personal endorsement of the product, either at that time or at any subsequent . . .

All right, all right, Mr. Reverdy, we understand. You point will be noted for the record. Please proceed, Senator Hamill, and may I suggest that we eliminate some of this background detail and get to the crux of the matter?

Very well. Now, Mr. Hankins, you say this chemist of yours wanted to sell you his formula for a half-million dollars net, after taxes, and that he suggested you raise the money by issuing stock. Just for the record, did you in fact pay him that amount and did you procure the money through the proceeds of a stock issue?

We haggled for a while and finally came up with a figure of nine hundred thousand gross. This was paid after the formula was run through all the tests we could think of. Plus the ones the government ran. And that's another thing I want to bring up. I think those characters

NEW SUPREME COURT RULINGS Prove BIGGEST REASON . .

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN "INSIDER'S CIRCLE"

for a continuing source of UNCENSORED, totally-revealing sex books and stag films

ONLY INSIDER'S CIRCLE OFFERS —

- Guaranteed Uncensored Sex Books & Stag Films
- Money Back Immediately If We've Misrepresented In Any Way
- Proven-Lowest Club Prices
- Confidential New Product Bulletins Mailed Regularly
- Finest Quality Merchandise— Proven "Artistic Value"

ONLY INSIDER'S CIRCLE STILL OFFERS "THE REAL McCOY!"

If you're **satisfied** with tame pin-up and nudist movies, bland as skim-milk books . . . the **old** merchandise other mail order firms have now dusted-off and are misrepresenting as "hard", then this invitation **isn't** for you.

If, however, you are seriously interested in the evolution of **explicit-action** sex books and movies in our society . . . from their modest beginnings to ultimate "all-the-way" stags, then you **belong** in our closed-circle of collectors and students of erotica.

Because of the scientific and artistic values of our material, **only we** offer our membership **for private use,** completely uncompromised adult books and theatrical-quality sex films. Insider's Circle. Your **only source** today of the adult material you thought would never again be available. **Mail Coupon — join NOW!**

FREE TO NEW MEMBERS: Big 8mm "Here's Proof" Stag Film

CLIP & MAIL COUPON TODAY — BE SURE TO SIGN STATEMENT

I hereby certify that I am a broadminded adult, age 21 or over, and am seriously interested in the evolution of sex films and books as a subject of historical-sociological significance. I am ordering this material to satisfy my own intellectual curiosity in the privacy of my home, and will not show club reference items to minors or to persons who might easily be offended. I have not requested that my name be placed in the Post Office directory of persons to whom sex-oriented mailings are prohibited. Should I ever decide to do so, I will notify you first so my name may be removed from membership roles. I am not a postal inspector or law enforcement agent joining Insider's Circle for purpose of entrapment.

Age ..... Sign Here .....

Insider's Circle, Dept. 188
P.O. Box 38401
Los Angeles, Ca. 90038

Count me in! I enclose $1 (refundable 1st order) for FREE GIFT FILM & MEMBERSHIP DETAILS. I have read and signed statement at left, which I understand is a condition of shipment and/or membership.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

VIB-A-WAY TUMMY TONER!

#36 Nothing to inflate! No buckles! No fuss! Just slip it on and WOW! Your midsection gets treated to mini-waves of vibrating-massage and toning. No strenuous exercises! No dangerous drugs! No harsh diets! Wear it around the house or office — anywhere, anytime. And watch for the results! Apron back adjusts to any waist size. $8.99 ea.

Add 50¢ postage & handling. Cal. residents add 5% sales tax. For C.O.D. Enclose $3.00 deposit & pay postman bal. on delivery. FREE! Coupons to use just like money PLUS year's subscription to fabulous style catalogue of unusual, hard to get items! Or send 25¢ for single issue.

R. S. SALES, SUITE V-9374
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Cal. 90028
PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER

Life-Like SEX AIDS and DEVICES

Our ARTIFICIAL FEMALE ORGAN is undoubtedly the most unique sex aid ever offered. It is medically evaluated and can help overcome anxiety, tension, and other problems related to sex.

We have also designed a brand new ARTIFICIAL MALE ORGAN. It is medically tested and approved—and may help you and your partner experience the bliss of mutual satisfaction. *Send $1 for our fully illustrated brochure on these sex aids & devices.*

Send to: CONTINENTAL Dept. 9374
6311 Yucca Street
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

BEST OF SWEDEN!

MEN & WOMEN
FILMS (CLIMAX)
#CC-108 ☐
#CC-109 ☐
#CC-110 ☐
#CC-111 ☐
#CC-112 ☐
#CC-113 ☐

NUDES
ALL ITEMS (MAGS or FILMS)
Special ½ Price Sale
$3.00 Each
2 for $5.00
Any 6 only $10.00
All 12 Items $15.00
Delivered Through U.S. Agent

MEN & WOMEN
MAGAZINES (PRIVATE)
#-21 ☐
#-22 ☐
#-23 ☐
#-24 ☐
#-25 ☐
#-26 ☐

TARGET IMP. BOX 942, NATIONAL CITY, CA. 92050

HOW TO PICK-UP GIRLS

How many times have you seen a gorgeous girl and didn't know how to "PICK HER UP?" Here, for the first time a book with all the answers. Now you can get the girl of your dreams. Not ugly, fat or dumb girls. But beautiful girls with long soft shiny hair, pretty eyes, lovely soft breasts, long sexy legs and delicious lips. The kind of girl you have always wanted, but didn't know how to meet. What's the secret. We have confidentially interviewed hundreds of beautiful girls. They told us exactly what it takes to "pick them up." What turns them on! You'll learn where to meet them, what to say, and how they give you signals that they want you to pick them up. And they Do! They want the same thing you want. Only you've got to ask them. This book explains:

WE SHOW YOU

- How to be Sexy
- Hottest places to pick them up
- How Shyness can actually help you
- Why you don't have to be good looking or rich
- Why girls get horney, just like you
- How to get girls to **pick you** up
- How to talk dirty seductively
- Why married women cheat
- **PLUS** 25 great opening lines

Start picking up girls today! Anywhere — stores, bars, restaurants, at work, and right off the street. Stop drooling and dreaming. Start making out today.

ORDERS YOURS TODAY

This book is not available in any bookstore. To get your copy just send $5.00 (plus 50¢ for postage and handling) to:
Studio One, Dept. 9374, 6311 Yucca
Hollywood, CA 90028

Name_____
Address_____
City/State_____
Calif. Residents add 5% Tax.

SOLID BRONZE PROFESSIONAL WALLET BADGES

Heavy solid bronze for lifetime wear. Used by thousands of professional investigators and detectives all over the world. $3.95 each postpaid

#203-A Private International Investigator **$3.95**

#203-B Private Detective **$3.95**

#203-C Official Press Photographer **$3.95**

#250 Deputy Sheriff. 6 Point Star **$3.95**

#303-A Special Investigator **$3.95**

#303-B Special Agent **$3.95**

#603-A Special Officer **$3.95**

#603-B Security Officer **$3.95**

Genuine Leather Badge Case. Display your badge in an official manner ..... **$3.00** postpaid

Send name, address & style # desired; **print plainly**. No C.O.D.s, please. Add 5% tax in Calif.

FREE WITH ORDERS ONLY—Catalog of police and detective equipment. Unusual items.

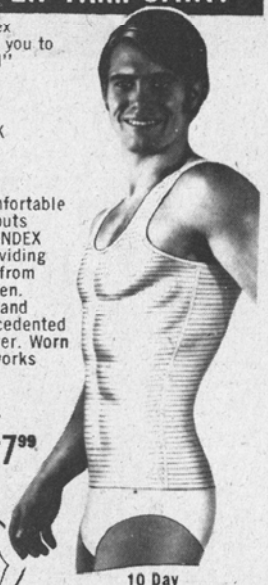
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. 9374
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smoothes out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.



INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN! $7.99

FROM THIS ... TO THIS ...

10 Day **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**
Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied.

R. S. SALES, Dept. 9374
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.) SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44), ☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order postage & handling. Total Enclosed $ _____ Calif. residents add 5% tax. For COD enclose $2.00 deposit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

over at Food and Drug are responsible for a lot of these problems we've been . . .

Order! Order!

. . . having. They were so anxious to make a big, dramatic announcement to the world that they didn't test the stuff enough.

Order in this chamber! Mr. Hankins, the matter of the Food and Drug Administration's degree of responsibility does not concern us now. Please confine your replies to the questions asked. Go ahead, Senator.

Now, after those tests were concluded—successfully, as you thought at the time—you went ahead with your sale of stock and then you paid off Mr. Spinelli. Is that substantially correct?

Yeah.

And then you began making and marketing the product.

Yeah.

The principal sales outlets for ErektoBliss were drug stores?

Yeah.

And it could be purchased by consumers without a doctor's prescription?

Yeah.

Before it was taken off the market last month by FDA order, what was the retail price of ErektoBliss?

Yeah . . . Oh, excuse me. The price was $8.95 for the regular size and, uh, $16.50 for the large economy size.

Stop that unseemly laughter! Stop it! I want silence in this room! All right, go on, Senator Hamill.

Most of the customers were men, were they not?

Yeah, but there were some women buyers, too.

Women bought ErektoBliss?

Yeah. To give their husbands if they couldn't get a h— I mean, if they were having problems.

Silence! I'm warning you people in the spectators' section: if these catcalls and whistles and outbursts of laughter continue I'm going to clear this chamber! Proceed, Senator.

Now, as I understand it, Mr.

Hankins, for the first couple of months after ErektoBliss came on the market you had no complaints from buyers, is that right?

Yeah, no complaints.

And then you began to hear from people. They were not satisfied with your product.

The drug stores would get all the gripes, so then the store owners would squawk to the wholesalers, and the wholesalers'd pass the beefs on to us.

What was the nature of the complaints?

That the product worked too well.

For the record, Mr. Hankins, please explain what you mean by the product working "too well."

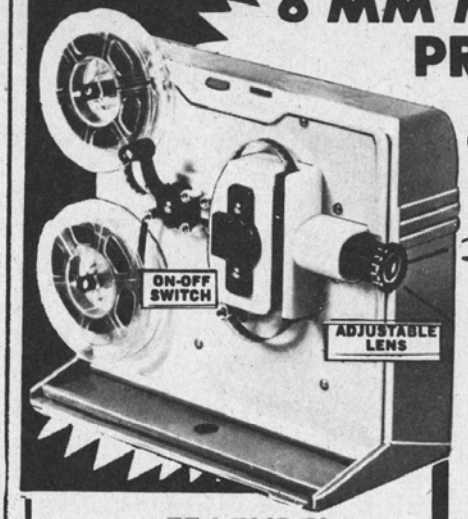
It's like this. One application of ErektoBliss was supposed to give you a . . . was supposed to induce, uh, organ stiffness for about eight to ten minutes, if used properly. I repeat, *if used properly.* But the trouble was, a lot of those morons got so excited they never even read the directions printed on the tube. I mean, they'd smear on twice as much cream as they were supposed to, and not only that, when they got finished with one session of, uh, lovemaking they'd start right in and do some more. From what we heard, a lot of these old geezers who bought the product had been deprived of, uh, sex for so long, why they just went completely nuts and were going at it five or six times a night, sort of making up for lost time.

Stop that tittering over there! All right, Mr. Hankins, you may continue.

They weren't using ErektoBliss, they were *abusing* it. I mean, they'd use a whole tube in one night, for God's sake! And the more they'd smear on, the longer the effect would last. I don't understand the chemical reasons for it, but these people developed a kind of reverse tolerance to the stuff. That's why I say it worked too well. The stiffness would last for a longer and longer time. I guess they didn't mind at first—hell, it was a *novelty* to have an erection that lasted so long—but then it

8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE

ONLY **$7.98** Complete



FREE
NEW THRILLING SENSATION!
ADDS **3-D STEREO** EFFECT
Makes People Look So Full and Real, You'll Feel You Can Reach Out and Touch Them
Just put on the "Miracle Specs" and you achieve a thrilling new experience. You see — not the old flat pictures you've seen for years — but life-like round images so real you "know" you could reach out to touch and feel them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are $2.98 each.

FEATURES
- Sturdy construction for long life
- Speed control for fast or slow motion
- Projects color or black and white
- Complete with screen
- Guaranteed

No Need To Miss Out On the Fun of Private Movies Now at this Low Price
Here is a projector which, though precision-engineered and sturdily built for long use, is so reasonably-priced that everyone can now enjoy the thrills of showing home movies or standard 8 mm commercial movies. And it's so easy to operate that even a child can learn to use it quickly. Its double lens system and smooth operation give amazing performance. And — because it so compact, you can take it with you anywhere and show your home movies to friends or relatives. It comes in its own carrying case Closes completely for easy portability. No need to unwind electric cord and hunt for an outlet either —because it has no cord. The batteries (available anywhere) stored in the base do all the work — and they're ready at the flip of a switch. This quick-focusing automatic Projector shows 8mm color or black-and-white film. If you wish to stop it at a particular frame, you can do so. Speed control lets you speed up film or slow down the action for enjoyment of every detail. (Batteries not included).

Try It For 10 Days On Our Money-Back Guarantee! So sure are we that you will be delighted with this versatile Projector, that we invite you to try it for 10 days and then, if you don't agree that it a wonderful buy, return it to us and we'll refund the purchase price — with no questions asked. **Don't Delay — Send Your Order Now!**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE
HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS Dept. 154NH28
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
Rush me the 8mm Portable Projector together with one set of Stereo Specs. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 days trial for refund of purchase price.
☐ I enclose $7.98 (please add 75c shipping charges).
☐ Send COD. I enclose $1 deposit and will pay the postman balance plus postage and COD handling charges on delivery.
NAME .....
ADDRESS ..... ZIP
☐ Send me ..... Stereo Specs @ $2.98 each.
N.Y. State Residents Please Add Sales Tax.

* * * * * * * * * SAVE $10.00 WITH THIS AD * * * * * * * * *

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

ON SPECIAL PARCHMENT PAPER "SUITABLE FOR FRAMING" WITH SEALS AND REGISTRATION NUMBERS 100% PERFECT

☐ 1. DRIVER LICENSE
☐ 2. I.D. LICENSE
☐ 3. HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA
☐ 4. COLLEGE DIPLOMA
☐ 5. MARRIAGE LICENSE
☐ 6. DIVORCE CERTIFICATE
☐ 7. BAPTISM CERTIFICATE
☐ 8. PRESS PASS
☐ 9. DR. OF PHILOSOPHY DIPLOMA
☐ 10. KARATE BLACK BELT LICENSE

$1. EACH BUY ALL 10 FOR $5. AND YOU WILL RECEIVE THE **BIRTH CERTIFICATE FREE**

*3 DAY SERVICE WITH CASH OR M.O.
$15 VALUE $5 WITH THIS AD

DOCUMENT– P.O. BOX 637-REDONDO BCH CA, 90277

TEN DOLLARS

BUXOM STRIPPERS IN STRIP TEASE FILMS
Top name Busty stars of Burlesque Bump and Grind and Strip for you.
8mm 100' FILMS - EACH $6.00
GEORGIA HOLDEN - Enormous Bust
JENNIE LEE - Bazoom Girl
CANDY BARR - Bouncing Bombshell
BLAZE STARR - Dance of Fire
BABOUKA - Big Bouncing Boobs
SANDY MARLOWE - Fat Fanny
TONJA - Voluptuous Curvy Blond
MICHELLE LORRE - Perfect Figure
MARCIA EDGINGTON - Plump Hips
CAPRICE - Leg Man's Dream
ANY 4 100' FILMS **$20.00**
ALL 10 FILMS. Only **40.00**
ROLART , Dept. 3337
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

I ONLY CHARGE 25¢ FOR HANDLING . .
Send for my fully illustrated catalog of "FEMME SENSUOUS" LINGERIE and you'll discover the source of these hard to find items. You would love to see your playmate . . . wear Black satins, sheerest nylons, black lace, garter belts, opera hose, high heeled boots and shoes. See all the provocatives and how they're worn. Enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.
VOGUE SHOPS *Dept. 0000*
227 E.45 St. N.Y.,N.Y. 10017

You Can't Lose On This Daily Double

GEM

and

The Swinger

Subscribe Now and You'll Win, Place and Show on the raciest reading track in the country.

Enclosed please find $..... for which please send me:

- ☐ 6 issues each Gem and The Swinger at $12.00 (Foreign $14.00)
- ☐ 12 issues Gem or The Swinger at $12.00 (Foreign $14.00)
- ☐ 6 issues Gem or The Swinger at $6.00 (Foreign $7.00)

(If you're subscribing to one, circle title)

GM - 774

Name .....
Street and No. .....
City .....State .....Zip .....

Mail to: Subscription Dept., G & S Publications, Inc., 303 West 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y. 10036

became too much of a good thing, and . . .

You people there in the spectators' section, I've had just about enough of your giggling and laughing. Now I want you to . . .

IT'S NOT FUNNY.

Please sit down, sir.

YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY WALKING AROUND WITH A HARD ON FOR SIX DAYS, YOU SONS OF BITCHES . . .

Sit down and be quiet! I want silence in . . .

YOU GRINNING HYENAS THINK IT'S A BIG JOKE, HUH?

You two men, please be seated at once . . .

I'M GONNA HAVE MY SAY, TOO. I CAN'T EVEN GO OUTSIDE WITHOUT EVERYBODY ON THE STREET HOOTING AND HOLLERING ABOUT THIS GODDAM POLE BULGING IN MY PANTS!

AND THOSE YOUNG APES SIT OVER THERE HOWLING. I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM TRY TO SLEEP WITH A PERMANENT ERECTION, THOSE BRAINLESS CREEPS.

Order here! Order!

DON'T YELL AT THEM. WE OUGHT TO GET THAT IDIOT HANKINS, THE GUY WHO MADE THE STUFF.

YEAH, HE'S THE ONE THAT'S RESPONSIBLE.

Order! Please, gentlemen . . .

BASTARDS PUT OUT A PRODUCT AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW IT WORKS, THE LOUSY DUMB SONS OF BITCHES.

This has to stop immediately, do you hear?

AH, SHOVE IT, YOU CRAPHEAD WINDBAG.

YOU TELL HIM, GRANDPOP.

GRANDPOP, HUH? YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY, HUH? WELL, I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW FUNNY IT IS, YOU LOUDMOUTH LOUT.

Sergeant of Arms, get those men to stop!

LOUSY PUNKS. LET'S KNOCK THEIR GODDAM TEETH DOWN THEIR THROAT.

HIT HIM AGAIN, OLD TIMER. C'MON, THE RESTA YOU GUYS, LET'S RUSH THE YOUNG PUPS.

OW, HE'S *BITING* ME! SOMEBODY GET THIS CRAZY OLD BASTARD OFFA ME!

All right, that does it! Sergeant, clear the chamber. I want this chamber . . .

OH, SHUT UP, YOU FAT SLOB.

Stop throwing things! Put those chairs down! Oh, for God's sake, this is outrageous! Senator Hamill, gentlemen, we'd better get the hell out of here.

You're right, Senator. Let's go.

SENATOR FOSTER, SENATOR FOSTER. CAN YOU HOLD IT A MINUTE? I'M MIKE DEVLIN, INTERNATIONAL PRESS. WOULD YOU COMMENT ON ANY OF THIS, SIR?

YES. THESE HEARINGS ARE ADJOURNED!

OBVIOUSLY, SIR, BUT COULD I HAVE YOUR VIEWS ON . . .

NO.

BUT, SENATOR, THE PEOPLE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT . . .

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, MR. DEVLIN, WHILE I CONSULT ABOUT A VERY IMPORTANT MATTER WITH MY COLLEAGUE HERE, SENATOR HAMILL.

Important, huh. We're going to be laughingstocks, Randolph, laughingstocks. This fiasco'll hit every front page in the country.

Keep your voice down, Ham, so that bastard of a reporter won't hear this, but . . .

To hell with him, Randolph. What are we going to do?

I don't know about you, Ham, but I'm driving home right now and throw away every goddam tube of that goddam ErektoBliss I stocked up on, like an idiot, a few months ago.

I'll do the same thing. Give me a lift, will you? ☐

YOU PLAY THE GAME- BUT DO YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO SCORE??

Yeah, we're talking about finding a chick, feeling her out—and scoring! In other words, *how to seduce her!*

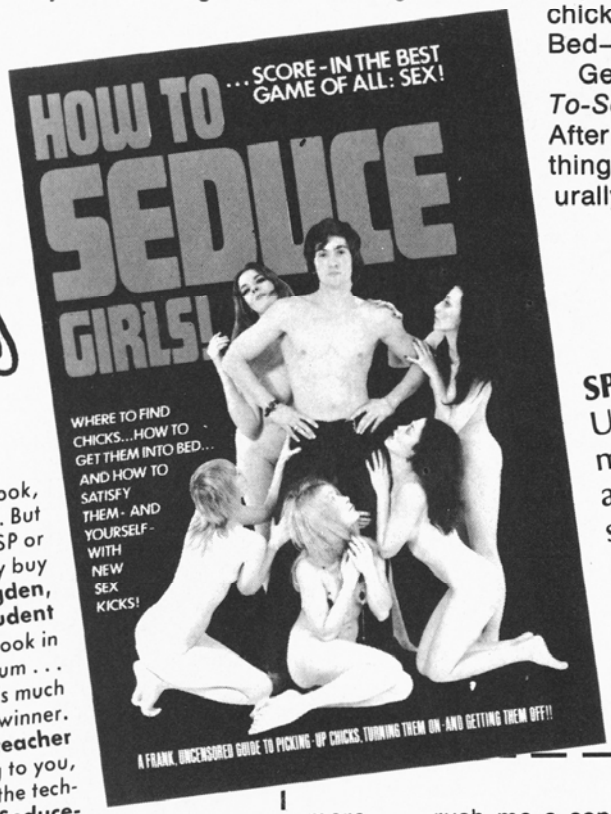
Sure, there are lots of books around telling you how to handle a chick, but this one starts with how to *find* one . . . (where you might not think to look) . . . and how to get her into the swing of it . . . *then*, how to satisfy her (and yourself, of course) by fully releasing her sexual drives!

In short: How to bring her to the brink of ecstatic orgasm by sophisticated sexual foreplay . . . and then, what new erotic techniques to use —and increase *both* your sexual pleasure!

This is the book that frankly tells it all: Where to find her, how to get her into bed, and what new sex kicks to show her—in detail!

The subject of the game is scoring—and the object is a luscious, lusty chick. The field of play? Bed—of course!

Get your copy of *How-To-Seduce-Chicks* today. After reading it, everything will just come naturally . . .


HOW TO SEDUCE GIRLS!
. . . SCORE - IN THE BEST GAME OF ALL: SEX!
WHERE TO FIND CHICKS...HOW TO GET THEM INTO BED... AND HOW TO SATISFY THEM - AND YOURSELF - WITH NEW SEX KICKS!
A FRANK, UNCENSORED GUIDE TO PICKING-UP CHICKS, TURNING THEM ON-AND GETTING THEM OFF!!

SPECIAL FEATURES:
Uncensored, man-to-man advice from successful studs

Until I read your book, I was ready to give up. But now it's like I've got ESP or something—the chicks really buy my act.
George Ogden, Michigan graduate student

If I could, I'd put your book in our sex education curriculum . . . Speaking as an ex-loser, it's much nicer (and more fun) being a winner.
Herb Forte, Tennessee teacher

If it means anything to you, be advised that the techniques in **How-To-Seduce-Chicks** work overseas, too. That body language stuff kept my bod in business for three weeks. Thanks.
Phil Hanson, New Jersey lawyer

I only wish I could have read it ten years ago . . . Making up for lost time is wearing me out!
Carl Aslanian, Texas realtor

Don't use my name, but let me thank you in behalf of my husband and me. We thought Jerry was a homosexual, but after we gave him your book . . .
(Name Withheld), Georgia housewife

It used to be that I couldn't get past second base, but now it's bang-bang-bang each and every time!
Tony Simpson, PFC, U.S. Army

Sure, I'd like to score more . . . rush me a copy of HOW TO SEDUCE CHICKS—I want to make up for lost time! Enclosed is my $4.95.

Name .....

Address .....

City/State/Zip .....

mail to:

JAWAH CORP. L-GM7
227 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true."

[Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
Southern California First National Bank
17122 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach, California 92647

Joe Karbo
227 East 45th Street, Dept. LGM-7
New York, N.Y. 10017

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material—for *any* reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© 1973 Joe Karbo